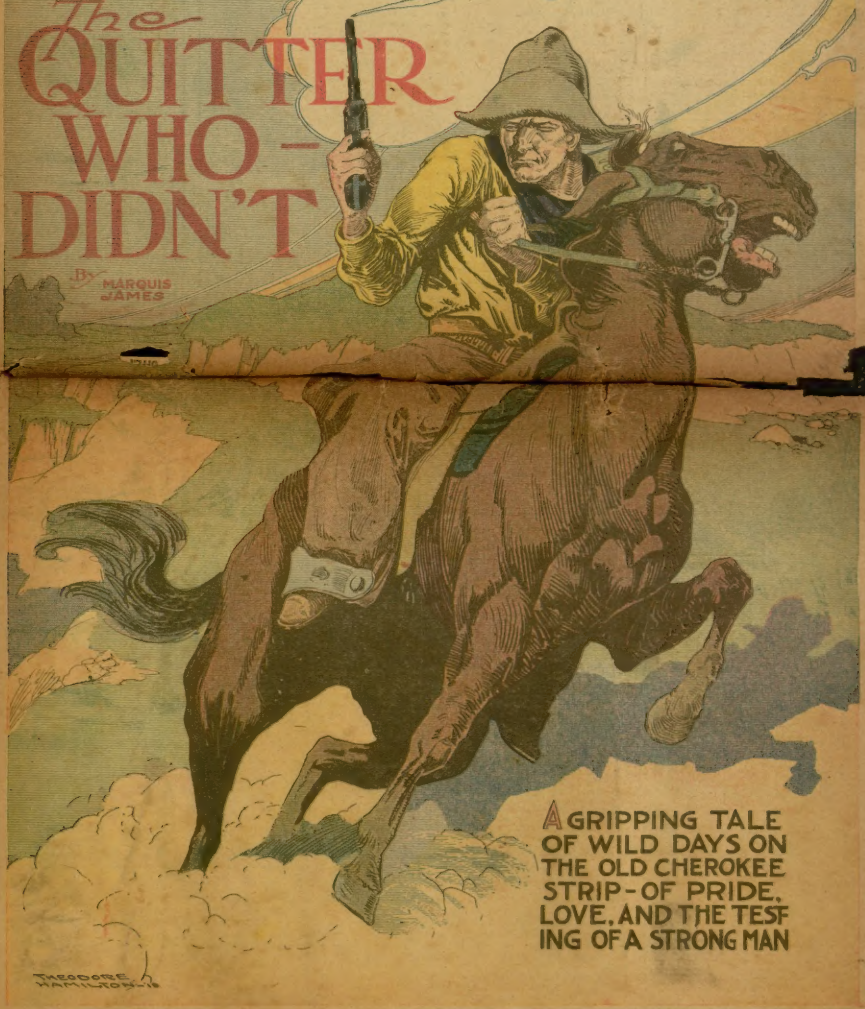
"THE MEN WHO HAVE COME BACK," IN THIS ISSUE


# CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVI. NO. 12. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1918. 5 CENTS A COPY


## The QUITTER WHO DIDN'T

By MARQUIS JAMES



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# The Green-Eyed Monster

WHEN Edna Flower, a beautiful the melancholy-looking girl, and popular, handsome young Louis Clifford were married, all in their little circle of friends and relatives predicted trouble.

It was not that they were disliked; on the contrary, they were social favorites. Louis was well known and liked both for his gay merry ways and his sterling worth.

Also well known and liked was Edna, for she possessed many good qualities, but she had one failing that even her most loyal friend could not condone.

That failing was an almost insane jealousy of her husband.

It became so bad that he could not even laugh and chat at a social gathering with the old friends and schoolmates that he had always known, or play a game, of cards with them. Her uncalled-for unreasonableness concerning him was so noticeable that both were becoming a laughing stock.

At his club, his fellow members began to joke Louis unmercifully. No sooner would he get through one joke than one would wink to another, and ask Louis where he was so late last night, what girl he had been with, and the like, that his wife had said to him on the subject.

He bore it all patiently until she began to follow him, and sometimes appearing suddenly, as if by accident, when he was in company with his most intimate friends.

Once or twice he had told in confidence that after he had left his home in the evening she had called up several numbers over the telephone to find out whether he were there.

"Hang it all!" he wrathfully exclaimed Louis on that occasion, "What do you want to watch me for? Anybody'd think I was going to get away with some girl, or something like that. Don't you like to have me doing the same to you?"

"Oh, Louis, you don't understand," she would wail. "If I am sometimes a little jealous of you it is because I love you so. I'm afraid that the reason you are not jealous of me is because you don't care anything about me."

Whereupon Louis, who was really trying to be patient with her, would lose all his patience, and respond roughly, "Well, if that is love, then deliver me from it!"

She then would weep and sulk for days at a time, and when she resented Louis would relent and eat sufficient "humble pie." Both of them were beginning to feel the strain of affairs that could not last much longer.

Her mother, as well as some of her closest friends, had bitterly condemned her husband and friends in a hotbed of greenish "Jealousy, thou green-eyed monster!" yelled Brophy.

But Louis, at the first glimpse of her white face and terror-dilated eyes, caught her in his arms and held her gently and tenderly.

"Edna, dear, it is a cruel trick, but I felt this one night that could go on no longer. Something had to be done for your sake as well as mine. Our friends took me into their club cooked up this little scheme. That note you found in my pocket I wrote myself.

"There I knew that there never will be any girl for me but you, you little jealous bunch. Now will you believe me?"

Edna was weeping and laughing against his shoulder. "Yes, yes," and deep in her heart was the conviction that she had indeed learned her lesson.

* * *

### The Affectionate Squirrel.

J. MONROE FITCH, former Representative in the lower house of the General Assembly of Delaware, is also a lawyer and Republican politician, who is by way of being one of the big farm owners of Delaware. In showing a company of friends over his big stock farm near Yorktown, lad, the other day, called special attention to the fact that a number of pet squirrels lived in the trees near the tenant house that were so tame they trusted the farm folk as affectionately as do they (the squirrels) were kittens.

"Why, there's one fox squirrel among 'em," Fitch told his visitors, "that's so tame he runs to meet me and climbs on my shoulder whenever he notices me come in the gate. If that doesn't prove that even wild animals have affection and sense, what does it prove, I'd like to know?"

Well, since you've asked the question," said one of his visitors, "we kindly might prove that he thinks you're a nut."


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VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., MARCH 23, 1918. No. 12.

# THE QUITTER WHO DIDN'T

## By Marquis James

**He believed he was a failure, but a girl's biting sarcasm sent him headlong into a new country to make good, a country where a man's six-gun is his best friend.**

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CHAPTER I.

THE MAELSTROM OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

BLAIR J. BIXBY, late of Charleston, S. C., was discouraged. Chicago had treated him ill. With eleven dollars in his pocket and no one apparently at all disposed to give him a job, his spirits were at about their lowest ebb. He contemplated his next move. And unless he should change his mind, it was going to be put up to Mazie Boone to decide for him. He had concluded the time had arrived when he would ask Mazie Boone to marry him. Together they would go back to Charleston, where he belonged, and where Mazie belonged, too, he reflected, for she was a Texas girl and the North was not the place for her.

That old Colonel Valentine Bixby down in Charleston would evince a keen and patent interest in any young woman his son might intend to take for his wife, Blair never doubted for a moment. Born and reared in the rather cramped atmosphere of Southern aristocracy, Blair Bixby knew what to expect when he should break the big news. The wife of a son of the Bixbys must be a lady, her upbringing and antecedents in keeping with the traditions and heritages of the Family, which down South is spelled with a capital F.

That was a core, however, on which Blair Bixby felt no misgivings. Mazie Boone was a thoroughbred. Was she not Daniel, whose progeny had migrated southward from Kentucky seeking new frontiers? True, in all the time they had been together the girl had spoken but little of her immediate family, a fact that disturbed Bixby just a little in his reflective moments. Now, in the full flush of his love for her, he reproached himself bitterly for these shadowy suspicions. Any reticence on the girl's part as to her family was the mark of her natural modesty; her womanlike incapability of saying anything that might be construed as boastful—nothing more. Among good people certain things must be taken for granted. Bixby winced when he recalled some of his own glowing recitals on matters familie, and uttered a hopeful prayer that he had not cheapened himself in her eyes.

He quickened his steps as he crossed Van Buren street. His early decision had hardened into a firm resolve. The pulsing conditions which six months before had spurred him to leave his native South Carolina to win his entitled degree of fame and fortune in a strange land had vanished as the morning mists do under the summer sun. He would marry Mazie Boone at once and carry her away to his beloved South, which was her South, also. He would enthrone her in the old Bixby mansion at Charleston, which had been without a mistress since his mother had died years ago. Bixby's thoughts soared on: Once more the old place would become a center of homage and hospitality, with all the chivalry, wealth, and beauty of Charleston revolving around his gracious and distinguished wife. And there they would live and be happy ever after.

But to parachute back down to South Clark street: Their romance had been a bit unconventional, perhaps—that is, if judged by the standards that apply in such cases, made and provided according to the social customs and usages at home. Their romance—Mazie's and his—had been shaped by fortune as the hand had found it in Chicago, which fortune, in numerous respects, had been none too kind. But all this could be their own little secret—his and Mazie's. Once they were married and back home it could make no difference. Even Blair's father need never know. If Mazie so desired it would be kept an absolute and inviolable secret.

Young Mr. Bixby swung into the dingy doorway of the Vesta, a very cheap lodging-house situated in Clark street about midway between Van Buren and Harrison. The first floor of the building was occupied by a large and noisy restaurant. The rooms were above. They were not much for air, or light, or appointments, but they were the best Mazie and Blair could afford, since a moment for breath after his hasty World's Fair prices had driven the price of transients' quarters up to double the normal rate.

Blair bounded up the stairs two steps at a bound. He was quite out of breath when he gained the fourth and top floor, which domiciled himself and the girl of his dreams. Mazie, like himself, had come to Chicago to "make her name." Mazie was an artist, and it had not taken her long to discover that Chicago had all the art it well could interest itself in out at the exposition grounds. Dealers and collectors scorned the work of the little Texas girl. Mazie's savings dwindled by swift degrees until she was obliged to seek quarters at the Vesta. About the same time Bixby, floating in on the tide of adverse circumstance, gravitated there.

Their meeting entailed all that may be implied from the crossing of the trails of two wandering Southerners far from home, lonesome, heartsick, and proud, buffeted by a careless world, and facing the specter of actual want in a strange land. They had everything in common.

And so a romance which otherwise never would have been, sprang quickly into being.

At the top of the stairs Bixby paused a moment for breath after his hasty climb, and then proceeded down the hall. This dismal corridor, revealed apologetically by two discouraged flat-flame gas jets, was pervaded by a perpetual mustiness. Other buildings hedged about precluding any chance of first-hand sunlight. Bixby approached the door to Mazie's cheerless little inside room, whose lone window opened into a court. He pressed his ear against the panel and listened. The sound of footsteps from within told him that Mazie was there, back from another day of disappointment, no doubt.

Bixby passed quickly on to his own room, farther down the hallway. His first thought had been to rush into the room and take her into his arms. Then he glanced at his clothes and dusty shoes. In his room he changed quickly to his best suit and donned clean linen, putting on the last presentable shirt he had. He thought he owed it to Mazie to look his best. He retraced his steps to her room and raised his hand to rap upon the panel.

The sound of voices from within halted him. He recognized the shrill tones of Sanford, the landlord.

"I tell you, Miss Boone," piped the thin voice, "I'm running a rooming house an' not no home for the friendless. You gotta pay or get out, that's all."

"But Mr. Sanford," protested the girl, haven't I always paid you up strictly in advance before. I've been unfortunate lately with my pictures. I have not made a cent for a month. But I'm bound to succeed in the end. Please give me just until the end of the week."

"Give you nothin'," retorted Sanford. "I've gotta have the money for this room an' I gotta have it now. Town's full of visitors an' I've got a waitin' list already. I've been in the roomin' house business too long to be put off by these 'end o' the week' gags. I flatter myself to say that I've lost my last cent on dead beats."

"Do you mean to question my honesty, sir?" flashed Mazie.

"Don't question nothin'. It's the money I wants and I'm gonna have it, or out you go!"

"Tomorrow——"

"Tomorrow nothin'. Today I've gotta have it. You pay up by 6 o'clock or out you go. It's 4 o'clock now. You've got just two hours to raise the dough or begin to pack."

"Well, I suppose I can pawn my bracelet or something," Mazie said resignedly, on the verge of tears. "My coral ear rings paid you last week."

"Huh!" Sanford grunted, with less harshness in his tone. "I don't want no bad as that, little girl." His tone became insinuatingly soft. "I'm afraid you got lots to learn about the ways of the city here. But just take a tip from a wise old head. They ain't no sense in a pretty girl like you, Miss Boone——"

He did not complete the sentence, for Blair had been to dash into the room and throw Sanford out on his head for his insolence, but he checked himself, hoping to learn something more of the actual truth of Mazie's straightened circumstances. Altho he suspected the truth before this, the girl always had flatly denied she was in any immediate need of funds.

Sanford's voice had become an indistinct, soothing mumble. With fists clinched and heart thumping, Bixby stood by the door. He wondered what the landlord, for whom he long since had conceived a hearty dislike, was saying.

A shrill scream from Mazie confirmed his fears.

"How dare you touch me, sir!" she cried.

Bixby threw open the door and burst into the room. The girl was struggling futilely in the man's embrace. Bixby took Sanford by surprise, seized him by the shoulder, and with one powerful swing, hurled him across the room and sprawled him on the floor.

"You carrion!" the young Southerner hissed. "If you were anything but a shell of a man I would kill you."

Sanford, wheezing, made no effort to rise, fearing if he did so it would only be to get knocked down again for his trouble. He was too terrified to beg for mercy.

Bixby turned to the girl.

"Come," he said to her, "pack up your things, dear, and we shall leave this place at once. I came to have a long talk with you, but we cannot well have it here after this has happened. Let us leave. And you," Bixby glared at Sanford, "get out of here!"

Blair stepped over the time, ceremony, & retort the landlord scrambled to his feet and slunk from the room.

"You heard what passed between us?" the girl asked quickly when Sanford had gone.

"I heard all," replied Bixby. He slid an arm about the slender waist and drew her toward him. It was the first time he had ever attempted such a display of affection, yet she did not oppose him. Rather, she buried her face upon his shoulder and began to weep softly.

"There, there, now," he patted her on the shoulder tenderly. "Don't cry. Everything's all right. Just you pack your things and I'll pack mine and we'll leave here and forget all about it."

Bixby felt a strong inclination to kiss her on the cheek, but did not attempt it. He did not deem it the chivalrous thing

He Was as Quick and Sure a Shot as There Was in the Country and He Had Nerve to Spare.

to take advantage of the situation created by Sanford's insult.

Accordingly, after pressing her hand to his lips he left and hastened to his own room and began to throw his effects pell mell into his one suitcase.

## CHAPTER II.
### A GIRL SPEAKS.

"AND now for our new home," exclaimed Mazie with a try at gayety, as the pair stepped from the dark doorway of the Vesta, each bore the two suitcases—his and Mazie's—and the girl cradled in her arms a big square folio of her professional drawings.

"Some home, little one?" asked Blair smiling into her eyes.

Mazie just laughed.

"How about the place across the street?" he suggested. "The Southern Rose Hotel' the sign says. That sounds downright homey. Made me lonesome the first time I saw it."

Mazie had seen the sign referred to. She also made out the informative postscript, "Rates $1, .75 and .50 or cheaper by the week." Judged by its exterior the Southern Rose Hotel was a fit neighbor to its vis-a-vis, the Vesta.

"Since one's tastes are regulated by one's pocketbook," she said, "the Southern Rose suits me. It's close in and that saves carfare."

"Soon we can make it do for a day or so at least," responded Blair.

"A day or so," returned Mazie in surprise. "You have hopes of so sudden a rise in fortune?"

"I have more than hope."

"Tell me about it," urged the girl.

They had reached the other side of the street. Blair rested the grips on the sidewalk.

"I am hungry, Mazie," he announced. "Let's eat and I'll tell you."

"But suppose we select our rooms first. Without even a room to claim my own, I feel so unsettled."

"I feel it, only I should say that I feel none the less so with a room, such as I am able to afford at the present moment. Let us not waste time investigate the accommodations of the Southern Rose. Let us eat and talk."

Mazie acquiesced. She knew she would have to pawn her bracelet before she could enroll as a guest at the Southern Rose, and so would defer the whole postpone that ordeal as long as possible. Still carrying the suitcases, Blair led her to a little "hole in the wall" chop house restaurant beyond Van Buren street. Mazie protested against this extravagance, but Blair had his way. The head waiter led them to a small corner table, half concealed from the remainder of the room by a screen of palms. Blair sighed blissfully, as he scanned the menu card.

"Beg pardon," offered the obsequious waiter, bowing toward the diner and poising pencil on tab.

"Roast beef and the rest of it." Blair said scornfully.

"Very well, sir, the beef for two," he nodded and was gone.

"But rare meat only for breakfast," plagued Mazie, with a merry twinkle in her eyes. "You miss them for dinner—is it so bad as that?"

"I miss them all the time," retorted Blair. "But I'm not going to miss them long. I'm coming back, I tell you!"

"I would like a little prairie chicken myself," observed Mazie, not taking seriously what her companion had just said.

"Mazie," said Blair earnestly and he reached across the table and laid his hand on hers, "I mean it. I'm going back—and I want you to go back with me."

"You're jesting," she replied, but weakly, for now she knew he was not jesting.

"I am serious," he added as if confirmation was necessary. "I want you to be my wife. I want to take you home to my people. I love you."

"Blair, you don't mean to tell me you have confessed defeat?" Her tone was one of hurt astonishment.

"Why, dear, you put it——"

Tears welled to the girl's eyes. She withdrew her hand and reached for her handkerchief.

"Blair," she said, struggling for control and succeeding fairly well, "you disappoint me."

The waiter interrupted. He disposed bowls of soup before his patrons, took up the station and the plentiful pieces in the rear of Blair, and made ready to officiate thruout the meal. Naturally, with a lull in the conversation the conversation passed to other things. But this was sham. Both drew in involuntary breaths of relief, although he end of the suspense when the finger bowls were placed on the table and the conscientious waiter withdrew.

Bixby, who had been vigilant for the opportunity, again imprisoned one of Mazie's small hands at the table.

"Little girl," he said, launching into a speech he had carefully prepared during the painful silence of the meal, a fact which became more and more obvious as he proceeded, "little girl, you have misunderstood me, and grievously so. But that is no fault of yours—so wrapped up in your work. Oh, Mazie, dear, how I admire your splendid courage, and how much dearer you have made yourself to me but within this last hour. I have not given up the fight. The fight is just begun. Wait until we get to Charleston. I am a Bixby and the name counts for something down there. With the prestige of the family back of me, I can go into my father's office and under the divine inspiration of your love no heights of fame will be too steep, no goal too high for me to obtain. But Chicago is not my field. I have come to realize it. And in just such a civilization as exists in this land which often separates success from failure. The name of Bixby means nothing here.

"I have told you of the old place in Charleston, one of the finest residences, if you will pardon me, in South Carolina. My grandfather and namesake, Blair Jasper Bixby, who was Lieutenant Governor of the State, built it. Let me embrace you there, and all the chivalry, wealth and beauty of Charleston, even of the South, shall rise to extend a gracious welcome to my distinguished wife, Mazie, my dearest, I love you. Will you marry me?"

While Blair was speaking, Mazie's heart ran the gamut of human emotions. At first there was hope, then anxiety, then fear, then a sense of dread, then resignation and last despair—dismal, sickening despair. Her faith in Blair's love was strong, but what it amounted to, but Mazie's mind negotiated another term. Whipped. That was the word that flashed from the Texas term that came to her. Blair was whipped. He had enough. He was ready to quit. He had had his fling, and her hopes had risen so high. With all her girlish heart, she had believed in him.

"Mazie, do you hear me?" Bixby persisted uneasily. "I love you. I want you for my wife—let me take you back and place you in your proper sphere."

She did hear him and again she did not. He sounded so far off, as one speaking from the shore to one afloat.

"And is this what you had to tell me," she said tonelessly.

"Why, yes, Mazie—what is wrong? I love you better than life. Won't you marry me?"

"I had hoped to," said the girl. "And since you to never quite divested of hope, I may say that I shall keep that hope alive."

"Mazie," cried Blair in astonishment. "What is wrong? Tell me, child, you owe it to me."

"I owe you I do," she answered steadily, "and it is an unwelcome obligation. Let us be frank. You are right. Something is wrong. The result is your whole perspective and it is wrong. But I shall confine myself to the case in point. Should I marry, I will marry a man. His name may be Blair Bixby or Blair Jones, but whatever the name he will be a man. You have gone to great length of detail to dwell upon the traditions of your family. So far so good. But Blair, I am asked to become your wife of your wife of your grandfather, who was Lieutenant Governor of your State, or your father, who was a colonel in the Confederate Army, or of your mother's people, who trace their ancestry back beyond Revolutionary times. You ask me to become a woman and feel I can say these things as perhaps another could not—and besides I——"

She was about to say, "And besides I love you," but checked herself, proceeding:

"Have been asked for my opinions."

"Why, Mazie," gasped Bixby. "Why—why—I don't understand you."

Blair was honestly perplexed—he was bewildered. Such words from the mouth of a mere girl. True he did not understand them, but they were true, but somehow their weight impressed and awed him.

"And I only hope I have shocked you sufficiently," she replied evenly.

"I don't understand you," repeated Blair.

"Maybe not now, but some day, I sincerely trust you will understand—and forgive me."

"You mean—you mean to say," Blair stammered, as one beset by a sudden and sweeping moral awakening, "that I am unworthy of you. Why——"

"You are putting it harshly, but perhaps I, too, am brusque. I am proud to have you love me. I shall cherish your love. But, don't you see it isn't right that you should ask me to surrender the fight here? Because the tide of battle is against me? I shall and will succeed before I leave Chicago. I will make my pictures go. There is no royal road to success. Were I to marry you now and go back to Charleston with you, where as you say, your father's prestige and standing would sponsor us at once, why, that couldn't be real success. Don't go back, Blair, for I can hear an appeal, 'please, don't go, for my sake. Fight, Blair. And stick it out!'"

Blair earnestly believed Mazie was talking outright foolishness, but just the same her words were mighty uncomfortable.

"But Chicago," he protested, "it isn't for me. I hate—I loathe the place."

"There are other places, places much more suited, perhaps, to your temperament and abilities."

"Where, for example, would you have me go?" shot Blair precipitating an issue.

"To Oklahoma," was the answer without an instant's hesitation.

"What do you know about Oklahoma?"

"It lies north of Texas."

"Which is about the best that can be said of it," jeered Bixby, "and a fine wild place it is—an outcast land of Indians and brigands."

"You are mistaken," replied Mazie, unruffled. "There are Indians there, of course, and Oklahoma no doubt holds its share of those who operate outside the pale of the law. But that merely adds to the glory of it. It's a land where history and traditions are in the making. Just think of it, red-blooded men out in the open carving their destinies and shaping their own traditions, just as your forebears did in colonial days. It's a land for men."

"You been there?" Blair quizzed narrowly.

"A little," the girl replied non-committally, "and I passed thru the whole territory on the train coming up."

"But my forefathers, when they came to America, there were no settled communities. Charleston was no better than any place else. I don't see that your argument applies here in the nineteenth century. They had no place else to go."

"They could have stayed at home," said Mazie, "and many did stay at home, until others came and blazed the trail; but they are nevertheless and are not enumerated among the First Families of the South, nor down East are their names to be found on the roster of the Mayflower Society."

"So you want me to go to Oklahoma—and get my head shot off, perhaps?"

"Oklahoma is just a suggestion, and as for getting your head shot off, that's your own lookout."

Blair winced. He was about to reply as best he could when the advent of the obsequious waiter saved him. The restaurant had filled up rapidly. The ambitious servitor fretted as Blair and Mazie turned their table for a space that would have sufficed for two ordinary diners. Unless the table was refilled soon, his chances for an extra tip from that source would go glimmering.

"Anything else, sir?" he intruded, taking up the dinner check.

"That will be all," replied Blair, grateful for the opportunity. "Checks please."

The pair left the restaurant and walked back in the direction of the Southern Rose Hotel. Neither spoke.

"That Sounds Downright Homey."

"I ONLY hope a room at Southern runs the place," remarked Bixby in a pointless endeavor to terminate the painful silence as they turned into the stairway entrance of the Southern Rose, which, like the Vesta, was on the second floor. The proprietor, or proprietress, for that functionary was a woman, Mrs. Touhy, by name, was a Southerner, indeed—that is after a fashion, coming as she did, from County Cork, which is in the south of Ireland.

The rooms were selected and when the matter of payment in advance was broached, Mazie called Blair to one side. A whispered conversation followed, the upshot being that Mazie slipped from her wrist a gold bracelet, which Blair hurriedly dropped into his coat pocket. Blair departed and Mazie paid Mrs. Touhy he would return presently and payment for the rooms would be made.

Blair turned west in Van Buren street and hurried on until the familiar trio of gilded globes apprised him that his destination was at hand. He stepped inside the pawnbroker's store and after the customary parley, disposed of his watch for a twenty-dollar loan. It being an excellent chronometer and worth four times that sum. His fraternity pin bought a five dollar note. His cuff links added three dollars to the sum of his hypothecated wealth.

The bracelet he folded carefully in a handkerchief and tucked away in an inside coat pocket. Then he counted out the money he had and he entered the place with dollars and some change. He took five of it, a bill, and thrust it into a vest pocket. The other dollars and change he restored to his trousers. The twenty-eight dollars, raised by his negotiations with the loan shark, he placed in a fresh envelope which he deposited securely away in the pocket that sheltered the bracelet.

Then he returned to the Southern Rose. Mazie and Mrs. Touhy were chatting in the desolate "parlor" of the "hotel." Both the guest and the genial landlady, who had maintained a rather neutral attitude toward her guests, grew friendly at once when it became apparent that the young man had brought back the wherewithal for the room-rent. So she withdrew with no notice when Blair handed Mazie the five-dollar bill—the obvious fruit of his errand. Mazie followed Mrs. Touhy and was led to the room the girl had selected. Bixby remarked he hadn't quite decided to take a room himself, saying he would await Miss Boone's return in the parlor.

Mazie returned alone. Mrs. Touhy having gone about her duties.

"You did well to borrow five dollars on that bracelet," she whispered, seating herself beside Blair offered on the sofa. "I'm sure I couldn't have got more than four at the most."

"How much did you have to pay for your room?" Blair asked, seating himself beside her.

"Three dollars," responded Mazie slowly.

"Blair," she implored, "don't hate me for what I said tonight. I couldn't help it. Oh, sometimes I think I am the most despicable creature in the world."

"You are the bravest—and the dearest," whispered Blair, squeezing her hand until it hurt.

His touch thrilled her. It sent new waves of courage to fortify her ebbing spirits. Then took heart. Love conquered hope. How she admired his supple young strength. Had she, in the flush of the moment been too severe? A sentence of retraction was on her tongue when Blair spoke again:

"I'm just beginning to see the truth of what you said tonight," he murmured.

"Oh, Blair," she cried, "how it helps me to hear you say that!"

"Come," said Bixby, "let's take a walk."

"What time is it? I would love to walk, but we mustn't stay too long. I neglected to tell you this in the whirl of events of the past few hours. I simply must finish a picture if it takes me till daybreak. Today I received the first real encouragement I've had since I've been in Chicago. A man actually consented to look at a pencil sketch and I prevailed on him to consider the finished picture, which I promised to have before him in the morning. What time is it now?"

Blair arose to watch the unconsciously, then with a blush Mazie did not see, glanced desperately out of the window at the timepiece in front of a jeweler's store across the street saved the situation.

"Nine o'clock," he replied. "Later than I thought. Listen, sweetheart, you run right along with your work and I'll see you in the morning. I'll take my walk now. If I just foretend you're beside me all the time."

After an hour's aimless wandering thru the streets Blair Bixby entered the lobby of the pestoffice. He approached one of the writing-desks, and drew forth from the coat pocket the bracelet and the envelope containing the twenty-eight dollars. In the main, he thought he knew what he intended to do, yet, when it came down to cases certain details vexed him. For example, what about the bracelet? Should he return it or keep it forever as a memento of——

"Of my lost love," he quoted.

His preoccupation over this weighty question endured for a long moment. At

length, behaving on impulse, he snatched up the trinket and restored it reverently to his pocket. Then, in a fine frenzy—as he fancied—he seized a pen, stabbed it violently into a hitherto friendly inkwell and began to write feverishly.

"Maxie dear," he began, "this hurts me more than it does you, yet I know it is for the best. I am resigned. The course of my entire life has been changed within the space of a few hours. You may forget and love again, and it is my fervent prayer that you shall; but as for me, love shall be forever only the naming of a name. 'Better to have loved and lost,' wrote the poet, 'than never to have loved at all!' A pretty phrase, but ah, that rhymester had not plumbed the depths of the human heart and known its sublimest sorrow."

And so on thru convolutions of metaphor and simile, thru labyrinths of poetic prose and prosaic poetry, thru lines drenched in despair, sagging with sentiment and recoiling with remorse, rambled our grim and persevering hero, penning his tragic billet-deux. Many pages were required for the task, all to the broad and general effect that the writer had submitted to the inevitable. Kismet—it was fate. And far be it from one so apt as he to trifle with Destiny. He was a Misunderstood Soul, ranging the illimitable fields of Commonplace. He would return to Charleston—but what a different returning from that he had planned! He would exile himself in the great house of his Fathers, there to gaze ahead and contemplate the dreary prospect of empty years. But he would bear his burdens in silence. No one should ever know. Even to hint, by word or act or sign, the existence of his Secret Sorrow would be to profane it.

To all of which, with a melancholy flourish of his exhausted pen, he subscribed himself as follows:

BLAIR JASPER BIXBY,
of Bixby Hall,
Charleston, South Carolina.

It may be noted parenthetically that he christened the old home place on the spot. Somehow, Bixby Hall added an appropriate touch. And why not Bixby Hall? Other Southern residences are named for their masters. It must have been an oversight on the part of his grandfather and namesake who built the house.

Eminently satisfied with his missive and correctly certain that when Maxie [illegible] would [illegible]

He Was Too Terrified to Beg for Mercy.

life regretting the cruel words she had spoken to him, Blair folded the pages and placed them in an envelope. He smoothed out the twenty-dollar roll of banknotes and tucked them in beside the letter. Then he sealed the envelope, and in his best Spencerian script addressed it to "Miss Maxie Boone, Southern Rose Hotel, ——— South Clark street, City."

He affixed a postage stamp in place and started over to the letter drop to confide his folly to the efficient care of Uncle Sam. But before he had progressed more than half-way across the tiled rotunda of the great general postoffice, an inexplicable psychological something snapped within Blair Bixby. Involuntarily his muscles twitched. He crushed the letter in his sinewy hand.

His fingers unclosed and the letter fell to the floor. He stopped short, and recovered himself after a second. He retrieved the epistle and smoothed out the wrinkled paper. He scanned the address critically. It was still quite legible.

Again he hesitated. Then vehemently thrusting the letter into his pocket, he strode out of the Federal building into the night.

Blair J. Bixby, his tragic billet-deux, and his Secret Sorrow started out on another long walk. Somewhere along the line Blair J. Bixby relieved his mind of the sorrow long enough to do some hasty head work.

One and fifteen minutes later he emerged from Dearborn street and reentered the postoffice building. Save for an occasional down-and-outer on the floor, the place was deserted. Bixby walked over to the writing-desk, ripped open the bulky envelope with his thumb, and started to read his effort of a couple of hours before. He got as far as the middle of the second page and then methodically began his brainchild's destruction by tearing it into bits. This work concluded to a point that assured him he would never be able to piece the thing together to read as much as a single paragraph, he took a fresh sheet of paper and began to write. It was still somewhat heroic, but sincere:

To the bravest little girl on earth:
Take this. You need it and deserve it and a thousand times more. Luck to you and I shall watch the papers for the story of your "arrival" in the world of art. Some day you will see me again, but not until I am worthy of the name I bear.

Devotedly,
B. J. B.

The note and the twenty-eight dollars went into a new envelope, which, with Maxie's name on it, went into the letter drop.

Bixby previously had regained his suitcase from the Southern Rose. He started for the railroad yards. It was past midnight. Blair Bixby, with four dollars and odd cents in his jeans, was back to where he was at 4 p. m. on the previous afternoon.

It was a question of the next move. Clattering over the switches, an empty cattle train, bound southwest, was the answer.

Meanwhile, little Maxie Boone, alone in her meager room, had abandoned the despair all efforts at completing the picture on which she had laid so much store. Somehow, her heart was too full. She sobbed herself to sleep.

## CHAPTER IV.

### HAIL AND FAREWELL!

THE floor of the Red Front saloon wasn't paved with anything at all. It was thickly carpeted, however—with sawdust. Kingfisher, Oklahoma, was a rip-roaring cattle camp, none too serene normally, but now boisterous beyond all restraint, witnessing the high throes of a change of regime. The knell had struck. Word had come from Washington. The "Strip"—historic No Man's land and the last great public domain of the range—was to be thrown open to settlement. With appropriate gusto and ecstasy the veteran cowpunchers, the rough retainers of their various outfits gathered to sing the swan song of an heroic epoch, to mark the passing of the West.

The Red Front was the social capitol of Kingfisher, and as such the heart and center of the farewell disturbance of the cowmen.

Certain minority residents of Kingfisher referred to the Red Front as a gilded palace of sin, which just goes to show how prone to exaggeration are even the best intentioned of people. There was nothing even remotely resembling a palace in all Kingfisher.

Architecturally the Red Front made no pretensions. A rectangular, ramshackle frame structure, it was built of rough lumber uprighted and unpainted except in front, which signboard-like expanse had been favored with many surplus coats of the hue which gave it its name. There was plenty of red stuff on the inside, too. Lon Stillson, the genial proprietor, foreseeing the trend of events at Washington, had, with perspicacity that was characteristic of the man, stocked up "good and plenty" on [illegible] drinking liquor, against the last pay-day of the cowpunchers of the Strip.

Lon Stillson was a man of [illegible] sort—no occasion ever found him unprepared. No one hated to see the old ranges go any more than he, so he said; but since they had to go, he took it as a duty to see that the send-off was fit and proper. His celebrating guild was there for fifteen cents a throw—money on the bar when you named your brand—for all who had the price. And just to show that he harbored no ill feelings at what he considered the passing of the cattle industry, Lon Stillson declared that he would be on hand to welcome the homesteaders, who came in as the plainsmen departed. He wasn't a man to shirk his duty, no matter how painful—not Lon.

His building stood flush up against the street, so as to sort of meet the customers half way. In front was a row of hitching posts at which anywhere from six to twenty cayuses might be seen, pacing up the yellow dust, any hour of the twenty-four. For the Red Front was a going concern in every sense of the word and never closed—except occasionally for repairs, as, for example, when a disgusted cow-puncher should deem it expedient to shoot out the lights, or something on that order.

So, from an exterior point of view, the Red Front saloon wasn't much to speak of, but who ever looked twice at the outside of a thirst emporium in the cattle country?

The main room of the interior was about sixty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, capacious and accommodating, therefore, quite a round-up. A sure enough, genuine imitation-mahogany bar imported direct from Kansas City flanked the entire length on one side. It extended from wall to wall. Three bartenders—and on busy days four—with conspicuous diamond studs and curled mustaches were on duty on the business side of this shining counter, glassware and bottles of various shapes, bulks, and designs decorated the long sideboard behind them, reflecting their sparkling brilliance in a great mirror, which constituted a background. In fact, it was about as nifty a saloon layout as one might expect to see between Kansas City and Fort Worth.

A discreet man was Lon Stillson. He had caused a placard bearing this legend to be placed conspicuously on the mirror:

"Gentlemen please step outside to settle your quarrels. The glass is the biggest one in the territory but it ain't bullet proof."

And this local pride, it must have been, that admonition always was obeyed. At any rate when anybody had any shooting to do inside the saloon, he was sure of himself and never plugged the mirror.

The space on the other side of the room, opposite the bar, was occupied by rough tables, so that when one got tired of drinking standing up, he could drink sitting down. Against the chinse stood against the wall, which was relieved by a rare collection of pictures, two one of which would have shaded the artists who sketched the now famous lady by the lake shore one early autumn day.

In the rear of the barroom, a smaller inclosure was marked off by a partition which lacked several feet of reaching the ceiling. This was the domain of "Long Jean" Couteaurier, a Jean and way Frenchman, a gambler and trader who had seen fit to come all the way up from New Orleans to accommodate the sporting proclivities of the cowboys. He was a graduate of the Mississippi River steamboat school, which, to the client, leaves nothing to be told, "Long Jean" held the "chance concession" at the Red Front, a regular institution in connection with Western saloons of that day, and as an element often more profitable than the bar itself.

"Long Jean" was a man apart in the riotous cattle town. His soft, white hands and soft, almost musical voice, were conspicuous by contrast, as were his immaculate black broadcloth clothes and patent-leather boots. Despite his height, full six feet, which appeared to be greater on account of his excessive slenderness, his feet were as small as a woman's. There was something in the quiet, impertinent effete way he manner, something in his inbred politeness and his pleasing courtesy of address that suggested a life intended for better things than it had come to.

He was known as a square gambler and he was there who put it to the tables or at his wheels live up to the standard he set. He was as sure a shot and as quick a shot as there was in the country and he had nerve to spare. These facts were pretty generally known by this time and it had been months since "Long Jean" had experienced any trouble.

These were busy days and busy nights for "Long Jean," just as they were for Lon Stillson, and for the proprietors of the Red Front's various contemporaries. Cowman are for quick action and plenty of it, and they made things hum. The Governmeng had set the day when the great old Strip, as a cattle country, was to be no more. On Sept. 16, 1893, this tract was to be opened to homesteaders, and thirty days prior to that date had been set as the last moment of grace for the exodus of the cattlemen and their herds, who had occupied

(Continued on Page 23.)

# The Men Who Have Come Back

A handful of men sometimes is able to hold a position against overwhelming numbers of the enemy, as witness this battle for a ruined building in France. It is a strategic point and a French machine gun squad has repulsed one attack and is waiting for another.

**What stories they have to tell—these men who have been "over there" and returned! Here are a few from British and Canadian soldiers now in this country.**

### In the Bombing Squad.

*Perhaps the one boy in whom you are most interested "over there" has written that he has been put in the bombing squad. Have you any idea of the part he is called upon to play when the battle is on? Sergeant R. E. Bulger of the 3rd Battalion, Queen's Own Toronto Rifles, knows what it is, for he has been a bomber himself. Here is his story.*

IT was under command of Major Smith, and for Heaven's sake, get those machine guns."

These were the orders given to our company commander by the colonel. His anxiety was due to the fact that we had already gone over that top twice in an effort to silence four of Fritz's guns that were causing us no end of trouble. Each time we were driven back by those murder-spitting devil weapons.

I was a bomber and a member of what is termed by the boys the "suicide club"—an exclusive club for bombers only. My feelings were not exactly cheerful that morning when told that the brigade bombers were "going over" that night, and I was not particularly encouraged by the remarks of my chum.

"Say, Dick, would you like some daisies or shall I send home for tulips?" meaning, of course, that he would see to my grave being decorated. He, poor fellow, was blown to pieces that night by a high explosive, but we did find enough to make a grave.

At 11 o'clock over we went. There was no cheering, but a sound to indicate any man who was equipped with a bag of bombs. Crawling silently on our stomachs made the distance of sixty yards a long, dreary journey. It took two hours to reach Fritz's trenches. Star shells were continually lighting up the landscape, making every object clearly visible, but by lying perfectly still in the mud and water we were evidently mistaken for dead men. We finally reached our objectives, but with no clear understanding as to their exact positions. So we lay cautiously underneath their cursed barbed wire—that wire on which so many of our boys had already fallen in the previous attacks. By dint of much care and cautious whispering each squad, composed of three men each, received directions as to which part of the line they were to rain their death-dealing bombs.

I was about to resume my crawl to the position allotted to my squad when I heard a whisper directed toward me. It came from my chum, Jerry Thomas.

"Say, Dick, if I get mine I want you to send my stuff to my mother." He gave me her address and I remembered. But I have not seen Jerry since that night.

Bang! went a bomb, and we knew then that the major had let fly. Further concealment was impossible. We sprang up with fiendish desire to give Fritz hell. No sooner had the bomb exploded than with a murderous rattle their machine guns opened up and that gave us the information we wanted as to their positions. Bang! went another of our bombs and by their yells of pain we knew we were "getting home."

By this time several of my pals had fallen. Two of the Boche guns had been sent "west," and we went after the other two like wildcats. We were filled with an unholy desire to kill and destroy. Were not those hellish weapons responsible for the deaths of so many of my comrades? Now, after two failures, two previous attacks by our regiment having been beaten back with great loss to us, now we were getting a savage joy from the fact that even while we were destroying the Huns' defenses, our men were gathering for another attack. So we kept at it until the two remaining guns were destroyed, and a terrible menace to the advancing infantry removed. They were just coming "over the top" like mad, and it almost seemed, joyous yell. They were coming to pay in full to Fritz for what they and their comrades had suffered and, while there was the thought of revenge and the desire to exterminate them it was not a wanton lust to kill, it was to remove a barbaric enemy to world civilization whose terrible atrocities to the weak and helpless, particularly to the women and children of Belgium and France, aroused our righteous indignation.

So, with pell-mell crash, bang and flash we were on them, and in a short time our men were in the Hun trench. Fritz contested hotly. Such bitter fighting could not continue. Slowly, but surely, the Huns were driven back and at last we had him on the run, down communication trenches they ran—except great numbers of their dead and wounded. The latter, now that the fighting was finished, were handled tenderly and carried back to our own dressing stations to get their wounds treated. We, too, had suffered, but we had the wonderful feeling of elation which belongs to the victor. A weary, but triumphant, company beat it back to our own lines.

The hand grenade thrower is getting plenty of action and his job is not easy, but it's dangerous.

### The Battle of the Somme.

*The battle of the Somme will go down in history as one of the most valiant of the actions fought in the first two years of the war. Following is the story of this engagement, told by Lieut. J. Douglas Cameron, of the 5th Battalion, Western Cavalry, British Army.*

THE boys went over loaded down with heavy equipment and forty-eight hours' rations. They carried 4 bombs apiece, rifle and bayonet, 2 gas helmets, 150 rounds of ammunition in the equipment and 50 rounds in the bandolier. Back of his belt each man carried his intrenching tool and 5 sand bags rolled above it. In his haversack, "iron ration," consisting of bully beef, tea and sugar and biscuits, and with forty-eight hours' water carried in petrol tins, we were ready for what might come. Every second man carried a shovel. Twelve picks were distributed among two platoons.

We had three objectives covering the gain of a mile. The plan of attack was not a matter of chance, but was developed after serious consideration and patient practice, with the result that every man knew his objective and the part he was to play in the taking of it.

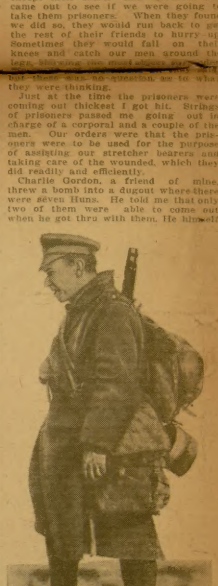
Shortly after midday we went into the attack. The men leaped upon the parapet and waited the signal there in the eagerness and spirit of aggression which possessed them, instead of waiting in the trenches for word to go forward.

In the first Hun trench few, if any, prisoners were taken and none of the enemy got away. In the second trench prisoners amounting to more than our total number of casualties, were captured without difficulty.

On the faces of some of those Huns fear was expressed to the point of anguish. They threw away their equipment. Some threw away everything except their shirts and trousers and came out to see if we were going to take them prisoners. When they found we did so, they would run back to get the rest of their friends to hurry up. Sometimes they would fall on their knees and catch our men around the legs, when some one would shout "Kamerad" and they would be taken back to the rear. I wonder what they were thinking.

Just at the time the prisoners were coming out thickest I got hit. Stringing of prisoners passed me going out in charge of a corporal and a couple of the men. Our orders were that the prisoners were to be used for the purpose of assisting our stretcher bearers and taking care of the wounded, which they did readily and efficiently.

Charlie Gordon, a friend of mine, threw a bomb into a dugout where there were seven Huns. He told me that only two of them were able to come out when he got thru with them. He himself



Soldiers carry a great many things besides a rifle and bayonet and ammunition these days.

was wounded and he made those two carry him back. They took him to an enemy dugout which was now in our possession, stopped the bleeding of his wounds and supplied him with food from their own rations.

The third enemy trench was found to be almost deserted. The machine gun crews put up a fight in a few places, but it is now conceded that we were practically thru the enemy lines that day if we had only known it.

From where I was hit I had a box seat for the rest of the show. Right on the top of the rising ground I could see the towers of Bapaume in the distance. Miramont and other villages in the foreground were directly under our artillery observation.

That day Thiepval was captured, which had resisted our efforts since July 1. Its strength lay in its tactical position, in the deep dugouts which the enemy had made, and the two redoubts which supported it from a commanding position on high ground. From these redoubts a sweeping machine-gun fire could be laid down over the terrain across which we had to advance. In addition practically all the high ground south from Thiepval to Combles was occupied by our troops, excepting a couple of points, like the Butte de Warlecourt, which was taken later and is now held sacred to the memory of the men who gave their lives to take it.

For the whole length of the line, some sixteen miles, the eighteen pounders were practically wheel to wheel, and behind them at short intervals were the heavier howitzers. The barrage which they laid down was apalling to the enemy, and most satisfactory from our point of view.

The result of this attack from a military point of view was the fall of Bapaume and the retirement of the Hun to the latest of his Hindenburg lines.

## They Let Him Escape.

*Sergeant Harold Baldwin was a homesteader in Saskatchewan when the war broke out. So eager was he to get into the fray he rushed to the recruiting office in overalls and jumper. In his book, "Holding the Line," he tells the story of a wonderful escape:*

DO NOT call Lin- Boche coward because he surrenders. It is easy to say you would have died rather than be taken prisoner, but consider a man who has endured a week's bombardment—crash! crash! crr-r-r-mp! Roaring, blazing, one hideous din, for days; everything being smashed to smithereens; the smoke, the fumes, the stench, and last, but not least, dead and mangled comrades lying around. Now, think how much fight there would be left in you.

Shell fire will destroy the morale of any soldier, for when a man is fair enough to look facts in the face he will acknowledge that courage is common to any nation. No nation has a monopoly of it, and the German has his share.

In these days, perhaps, he gives in rather easily, but he is facing hell from the Allied artillery—at least on the Western front. And, who knows, perhaps doubts of their ultimate success have begun to assail them. I have seen them fight well with the bayonet, and a clump on my head from a Hun no bigger than myself, I well remember. I hate to admit it, but he licked me honestly; only his sportsmanship saved me. He simply knocked me silly—and passed on. I hate and loathe their barbarity—I hate them for bringing this hell upon the world, but I am English, and as such, must give the other fellow his due.

During my experience with the infamous deeds of Belgium and France, I always remember an incident which came within my own experience. During our retirement one of our men was hit in the leg, and of course fell down. It was impossible to take him with us, for we had to get back quickly to make connection with the other troops who had fallen back. Much as we hated the idea, we had to leave him.

Judge of our surprise, when in the billet, the man walked into our farmyard. We crowded around, simply crazy to know how he had hoodwinked the Germans and escaped. We marveled when he told his story.

He had been taken by a mob of Saxon troops. He expected either death or capture. These men, however, dressed his wounds, inoculated him against the possibility of lockjaw, placed him in a cellar with clean straw to lie on, and when his slight wound permitted him to walk, they allowed him to escape to his own lines.

## The Man Who Was Game.

*If there is anything to a man it will come out in the thick of battle. The meek little cuss who, lets you walk over him apologizes for being in the way, turns out, when he gets "riled up," and the big fellow who is always telling how good he is might prove the rankest quitter in the world. Read the story of Eddy, as told by Lieut. W. G. Hamilton of the Canadian Black Watch:*

YOU can't tell from looking at a fellow what he's going to do. On the steamer going over there was a little fellow, named Eddy—last name was Eddy. He was a quiet, pallid-faced boy, very, very slight, only 17. He looked as if a whiff of wind would blow him away. This youngster was always so meek, so polite in his way of talking to the officers—"Please, sir, may I do this?" It was always "please, sir," this and "please, sir," that. He looked and, at those times, acted as if he had no fight in him at all.

One day, by some chance, his boxing ability was discovered. There was another man in the battalion—it was the 23rd—who was forty or fifty pounds heavier than Eddy, a man who was quite a good boxer. I said to Eddy: "How about boxing So-and-so? Would you like to?" "Yes, sir, how many rounds?" The same very quiet, very polite response. "As many as you like, sir, or shall we make it a knock-out?" he obligingly queried. They started in and Eddy went at it quick as a flash. He knocked that chap out in about the seventh round.

It was the same thing when we reached the trenches and went into action. The same quiet, polite boy, he went quietly about his work, but such work! He always had an armful of bombs. He was a bomb-thrower and he went into an attack, when he was at it, like fury.

I got a glimpse of him in action, chasing big Huns, with bombs, and he made every move tell. A wound from which he must have been in agony seemed to make no difference to him. He got it in his right hand which was badly smashed up, but he "carried on," throwing bombs with his left hand just as successfully, and he kept at it until the action was over.

This was at the battle of Maple Copse in the Ypres salient, on June 13, 1916. Thru all that heavy fighting, in the midst of the roar and the crashing of bombs and shell, when every minute might easily have been his last, that kid kept his head, and I suppose he finished dozens and dozens of Huns. I recommended him for the military medal, which he received later. The last time I heard of Eddy he was back with the same battalion doing the same splendid work. It just shows you can't go by looks in this game.

## Huns Crucified Him.

*One of the most revolting of the countless horrors recorded by the Bryce Commission in its official report on German atrocities—and one of those most strenuously denied by the Germans themselves—is an account of the cold-blooded crucifixion, on the wooden walls of captured trenches, of helpless prisoners by German troops. Here is the story told by Capt. Thomas D. Harris, of the 8th Canadian Division:*

I HAVE been asked why I am so bitter against the Germans. Here is the reason:

It was in the second battle of Ypres, on April 13, 1915. The Germans had raided one of the trenches held by our men, the "Little Black Devils" we were called. Their numbers were overwhelming, and after suffering heavy losses we gave ground, then rallied and attacked the men who had driven us out. We retook the trench and one of the first things we saw was one of our comrades, who had fallen early in the fight, horribly mutilated and nailed to the trench wall by his outspread hands and feet. He was still alive. Evidently the Germans had not crucified him until they saw us advancing to the attack. A comrade and myself took down this poor boy's body and he lived eleven minutes in the most torturing agony.

I saw this thing with my own eyes, helped take down the body with my own hands and the memory of it lives with me, sleeping or waking, for six months. Even today, almost three years since it happened, the thing haunts me and I see red then.

It was in that battle, too, that the Germans bayoneted our wounded. Such a thing had been unthinkable before. There can't be anything lower or more revolting than the slaughter of a wounded man, unable to defend himself. After that we disregarded orders and took no prisoners. We felt that we were not dealing with a human enemy but a monster. We could not consider the Germans as normal human beings.

## Spies and Snipers.

*Capt. H. D. Blake, of the Bedfordshire Regiment, wears stripes denoting he has been wounded four times and each time four months elapsed. First thru the arm by a piece of shell in 1915. Four months later another piece of shell struck his steel helmet, inflicting a wound in his head. But the helmet saved him. Four months later a sniper bored him thru the shoulder at the right of the neck. Four months later at Arras in 1917, he was shot thru the largest bone of the thigh. He plans to keep out of range for more than four months to see if he cannot break the "hoodoo." He tells a story of spies:*

IN THE early days of the war we had much to contend with from German spies. The very first night our battalion was in the front line trenches a soldier entered and talked with one or two of the men, and then asked a private where he could find Captain Hans. No one was thinking about spies and, fortunately for this one, he approached about the only fool in the battalion, Captain Hans! It was ridiculous. Our slow-witted private told the inquirer that we had no Captain Hans and advised him to try the battalion on our left.

During the next few days we suffered considerable annoyance from a sniper who was located somewhere behind our front line. We searched the ground but were unable to locate him, altho we discovered empty cartridges and other signs of his operations. No doubt this sniper was the man who went thru our trenches inquiring for Captain Hans.

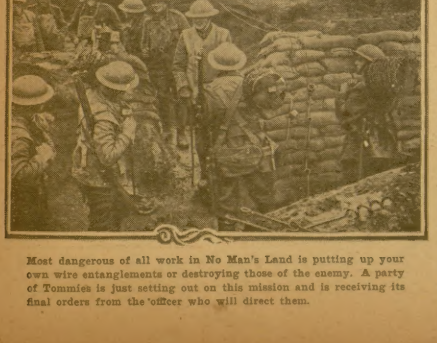
This story is useful to show how necessary it is for every man to be alert at all times and keep his mind on tricks of the enemy. It is needless to say if that man had tried a similar plan a week later he would have received the information that he required in the shape of cold steel.

Another time we were digging support trenches just behind our front lines. It was night, when most of such work has to be done. Our batteries were to our rear. One of our artillery officers brought us the information that the telephone wires had been cut and that they were sure some spies were about, locating our gun positions, etc.

A search for the spies was immedi-

Getting thru "the wire," cruel stuff with pointed barbs, is a ticklish job and it is on the wire that many of the soldiers die, riddled by bullets as they try to get past it to come to close grips with the enemy.

Day and night field guns of this type are roaring along the Western front. This is a British standard gun. It is carefully hidden from enemy airmen by a screen of brush laid over the shelter.



Most dangerous of all work in No Man's Land is putting up your own wire entanglements or destroying those of the enemy. A party of Tommies is just setting out on this mission and is receiving its final orders from the officer who will direct them.

nately organized. Sentries were posted on the road on a rising slope, and others at points of vantage covering the whole ground where none but spies could be at that time of night.

Suddenly some shots were fired. The ground had been lighted up by star shells from both the English and German front lines, and the sentries had a clear view of their field of action. Their aim proved good, for, some hours we learned to our sorrow that the victim was a young English officer. Another series of shots rang out while we were still discussing this sad incident. Great was our delight when we learned that we had brought down one of the spies. The other made his escape under cover of the darkness.

### The German Insolence.

*When the history of the great war is written the capture of Vimy Ridge by Canadian forces—the ridge which the Germans boasted could not be wrested from them—will stand out as one of the "impossible" things which have been accomplished by the Allies. Lieut. Andrew M. Naismith, of the Canadian Field Artillery, was one of the men who took part in that memorable charge. He received the Military Cross. Here is a graphic little story he has to tell:*

IF YOU want to know what German domination of the world would be for you and me, what I saw a German officer do when a prisoner in our cage back of the battle line at Vimy Ridge will serve well to enlighten you.

There were 250 or so of them, typical German infantrymen, with thoro training under Prussian rule, and a handful of officers. I had had a hand in capturing a squad of them and so when I had a chance I stopped to look them over. It was just mess time and along came the grub, biscuits and bully beef, good enough for a king. They started to issue the rations and came to one officer. He looked like imperial Prussia incarnate. He took his bully beef and biscuit, but when he saw that it was the same grub that his men were getting, he threw it into the mud and said something to me, he said, insolently. As a result he had nothing. After a few hours I saw him again, his hunger was beginning to bore him.

What did he do? Another ration was given to his men. He was getting nothing. He went to a private and held out his hand. "Give me that," he demanded. The soldier obediently passed over the food. The officer turned to another man. "Give me that," he said. He got what he demanded and put it into a pocket, for future emergency. Turning to a third, he demanded and received the ration of beef and biscuit. Turning on his heel, he went away to fill up on other men's grub.

Autocracy and military caste? Why, when we brought in a bunch of Boches once, a sergeant stepped out to receive their weapons. An officer pulled out his revolver. "I don't surrender to a private," he said and shot our sergeant down. Turning to an officer he passed over the revolver, butt out. "I surrender," he said. "What would you do if you were tendered that gun? Just what he did.

### When They First Met.

*Sergeant C. Jones, of the British artillery, wears a Distinguished Conduct Medal, for taking trenches against great odds. He was wounded and sent to the United States for recruiting service. In Chicago an officer started to introduce him to Sergeant W. A. Desmond, who went over with the Canadian Expeditionary Forces. "Why, I know you," both men exclaimed. Their other and only meeting was over the rim of a shell hole in No Man's Land "over there." But let Desmond tell the story:*

A FEW days ago some one started to introduce Sergeant Jones to me right here in Chicago—Jones, the fellow I found in a shell hole in No Man's Land at 4:30 one morning, after emptying my magazine rifle into that place—or as near it as I could aim in the dark. We knew each other at sight.

It happened at the St. Eloi sector of the Ypres salient, April 13, 1916. The remnants of our regiment were passing along when I heard sounds coming from the side of the stone road which I thought would bear investigation. I shouted but there was no answer. I shouted again. No answer. Then I fired and followed it up to see what that was. In a ditch by the side of the road, with the usual mud and slime, peering over the edge, I could distinguish five men in the British uniform. Four were dead. The fifth—Jones, was partially paralyzed—could not use his voice—there was shell in his neck—we've been friends ever since. He was landed safely in Blighty. That was the last I knew of him till they tried to introduce us here in Chicago. He's had his fill, with bayonet, bullet and shrapnel, which laid him up for a while.

# Miss Sherlock Takes a Hand

## By T. C. Harbaugh

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CHAPTER VI.

BACK ON THE TRAIL.

ANNIHILATION beamed in the eyes of Hilda Hurst when she tripped down the gangplank of the steamer Eugen and once more set foot on American soil. The ocean winds had been good to her; her cheeks were ruddy, and when Max Piper saw her a few hours later his admiration increased tenfold.

Max had made several visits to 218 Conway lane since her abrupt departure, but all in vain. Each time he had received from her had been so brief—a matter solely of health and women—that he was yearning to see her again. He had missed her at the docks, and upon going to her home that afternoon his joy was unbounded when he was informed she had returned. He will be [illegible] without knocking.

Max rifled the mail in the letter box, rising quickly and holding out her hands. "You are good for sore eyes!"

"They didn't get you over there, I see, Hilda," he exclaimed after they were seated.

"Why, Max?"

"Why, the knifers, the Caribs, the—— Well, anybody."

"Why should they seek to get me?"

"You know what you went down there for, Hilda," he cried. "Did you find out anything about—about that pearl?" Suddenly as tho he had reached forbidden ground.

Miss Hurst rose and placed her valise on the taste. Opening it, she took out something that made him draw back with a little pallor in his face and head pearl. He was plainly disappointed.

"Well, what's been happening here during my absence?" queried the Mystery Solver.

"About the Henderson case?"

"Yes, first about that. What has Lot Connors done?"

"He's at the end of the game, I guess," replied Max. "I could he's got one on you this time, Hilda."

"One on me? How?"

"He's caught a young fellow named Payne for the crime."

"Yes?"

"Young Payne admits he was at Henderson's house the night of the 19th, but says it was quite early. They've got evidence, however, that he was seen around there later on. You see, Hilda, from what I can learn, Payne had a grudge against Henderson, who had wheedled his aunt out of a lot of money and refused to disgorge. That's the motive, Connors says. The girl——"

"The girl, Max?"

"Yes, the old man's ward, who was not at home the night of the murder. She was visiting somewhere over in Quakertown, I understand, and came home after the tragedy. She says Payne is innocent, but you know such things don't go with Lot Connors."

Hilda pursed her lips. "Is that all, Max?" she asked quietly.

"Isn't that enough? It's quite enough in Stanley Payne's opinion, I'm thinking."

Miss Hurst slowly unwrapped the pearl which she carried in the chamois bag and laid it before Mr. Piper.

"What!" cried Max, starting forward his eyes bulging. "You found the turtle head of Cleo Pagarita?"

"No, dear Max."

"But you've got it just the same.

"I had it for a little while."

"Do you mean you carried it with you down there?" he cried in amazement.

"Certainly."

"But you intimated that you were going to find out who bought the pearl from the diver."

"So I did, Max, and I found out, too."

Max wanted to ask just one more question, but Hilda was putting on her wraps.

"I guess I can stand a supper for two," she said with a little forlorn, forlorn laughs. "I propose something better than a grill. How about Delmonico's?"

"Why you've been starving on ambrosia at once?" cried the delighted Max. "I never got farther than the door of that place."

"Then we'll see the interior."

Half an hour later, when Hilda and Max were seated at a table in the middle of the fashionable restaurant, he leaned across the table and exclaimed:

"What have you done to make you strike down there, Hilda? Or was it a diamond depository?"

"I found nothing but Captain Jose and the snake," was the reply.

"Goodness! You brought the one and left the other? Did you ever hear of a man named Crucible?"

"Jimcrack, no! A crucible is something in which they melt metals."

"And other things, perhaps," was the reply, in sober tones.

"Well, who is this Mr. Crucible?"

"That's another story," as Kipling says," smiled the Mystery Solver. "I hope you become acquainted with the owner of the queer name."

"And shake me, Hilda?"

"Not quite so kind as all that, but you mustn't get jealous, dear Max."

"Is he rich?"

"I cannot say."

"Single?"

"I think so."

Max's hopes seemed to fall many degrees. He was silent the rest of the repast and not until they had reached the street did his taciturnity relax.

"Good night, Max," said Hilda suddenly, holding out her hand.

### Events in the Story to Date

HIRAM HENDERSON has been found in his library, murdered. Detective Chief Connors has fastened the crime on young Stanley Payne, suitor for the hand of Henderson's ward, Lotta. Payne's aunt has been fleeced out of her fortune by Henderson. Hilda Hurst, private detective, has found beside the murdered man a peculiar pearl, a "Gray Brotherhood" token. Crucible explains the society of the Gray Brotherhood to Connors and says that he is himself a member of it.

The above will enable you to go ahead with the installment this week. Back copies containing the earlier chapters are obtainable at 10 cents at the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 11, dated March 19.

"What, are you going home alone?"

"Not home just yet, but I am going home alone."

"Keeps her own secrets," Max muttered, as he climbed aboard a hansom. The fellow so far and then stops. Some day when she gets tired of this man-hunting—but I'm afraid she's never going to tire of it. Women have always been a puzzle to me, and this particular one caps the climax for unsolvable!"

Meanwhile Hilda, with a smile lingering at the corners of her mouth, had turned a corner and was breasting the cold wind with lowered head. She had not gone far when she entered a four-story building and went directly to a room where she was smilingly greeted by an old man who sat at a table polishing a bit of antique silver. She drew up a chair and for some time watched him in silence.

"You still polish them up, Mr. Senelli?" she said.

"It's that or starvation," was the reply.

"Look here, Hilda had been bringing the turtle-head pearl to the light and now placed it before the old man with a word of explanation.

"Ever see anything like that, Mr. Senelli?" she asked.

"I make them." The little Mystery Solver did not seem in the least surprised.

"Like this one?" she queried.

"Maybe so."

"But it's rather peculiar, don't you think?"

"A turtle's head."

"Yes, and a good imitation."

Perhaps Hilda was waiting to be asked where she got the pearl, but the question did not materialize.

"Could you estimate it for me, Mr. Senelli?"

"Could I?" His little eyes opened to their fullest capacity. "My child, what do you want with a duplicate when you've got the genuine? I took my pattern from the real one. But there! Don't believe all I say, dear."

"I will and I won't, Mr. Senelli," and Hilda put the pearl away.

### CHAPTER VII.

### THE HOLE IN THE WALL.

LOTTA HENDERSON, the young ward of the murdered man, stood looking out upon the street, which long before had become lively with the rush of humanity, when she saw a trim little figure mount the steps of the Henderson mansion. She had had few callers since the fatal night of the 10th, and it was her desire to remain as secluded as possible. Had she been at home at the time she believed she could have prevented the tragedy. If not, she might at least have recognized the assassin and at once cleared up the mystery.

She had come into Hiram Henderson's life at an early age and ever since had lived beneath his roof. Her life, tho somewhat circumscribed, had been happy. She knew little of the world outside and, content to revolve in her narrow realm, she had tried to make pleasant the life of her foster-parent.

The door bell rang and Lotta arose as her visitor was ushered into the parlor. The handsome face, the large blue eyes, form and [illegible] possessed Lotta in their own [illegible]

"I am Miss Hurst," [illegible] "I have never met before."

"Never before, Miss Hurst," echoed the beautiful girl.

"I trust you will pardon this intrusion," continued Hilda. "My mission is one that has to do with the tragedy."

Lotta started and looked eagerly at her visitor.

"I was one of the first here on that morning," Hilda went on. "Returning from a walk in the hour, I saw the butler lean down the steps with horror on his face. He almost collided with me and then, recovering, he told me of the moment—that I learned of the crime. My peculiar calling invited me into the house, and I was the first to be here when the police arrived."

"I have not heard of this before. May I ask why you are calling at my foster-father Henderson's ward after a brief silence.

"I am a free lance in detective work."

"Oh!"

"I have called to see you regarding your belief that Stanley Payne is not guilty of the crime."

Lotta's face flushed and her eyes grew suddenly brilliant. "I have nothing but a smile," she answered with a smile. "As you may know, I was not here on the night of the 10th."

"I am aware of that, Miss Henderson."

"I base my belief in his innocence upon his unsullied character. He is above suspicion far above it as the skies overhead!"

"But Captain Connors seems confident that he made no mistake in arresting him."

"Captain Connors may be honest in his belief, but I never force me to believe Stanley struck the blow!"

"I am glad to hear you say that, Miss Henderson. The police are not infallible."

"And you believe him innocent?" So saying, Lotta impulsively held out her hands, which Hilda pressed with confirmatory fervor.

"Captain Connors and I have differed on former occasions," said the Mystery Solver. "We have crossed swords more than once, until I am not on his list of favorites." She laughed reminiscently as she looked around the room.

"Captain Connors said in my hearing the morning after the tragedy that there was no motive—that it was clearly a case of blood lust," she continued.

"But," Lotta interrupted, "there must have been a motive. I don't think you believe in the blood-lust theory, Miss Hurst."

"In my investigations I have always discovered a motive," was the reply.

"Then, what was this one?"

"That is why I am here, Miss Henderson. Is there a will?"

"Captain Connors took it away. It was not found till after my return, and

"It Is Not Very Large," Hilda Commented as She Thrust a Slender Hand Into the Aperture.

then by accident. Captain Connors and his men had searched the house, but I remembered that somewhere in the library was a secret compartment in the wall, the exact location of which never had been intrusted to me. I set about looking for it and suddenly, while tapping here and there, a little panel slid aside and a small opening was revealed. From this place I drew a legal-looking document sealed with the crimson wax [illegible] and tied with green tape."

"What else did the secret box contain?"

"Nothing but an old dust-covered diary."

"Which you also turned over to Connors?"

"I kept that," returned Lotta. "I could not see how it could be of any use to the police, as it was ten years old, and it is now in my secretaire."

Hilda Hurst's eyes lighted up with anticipation. "May I look it over?" she asked.

"I shall be glad to let you see it," was the prompt response. "You shall have it at once."

When she was left alone the Mystery Solver rose and crossed the hall which separated the parlor from the scene of the tragedy. Opening the door, she looked in and took a silent inventory of the premises. Everything had been restored to its proper place and there was nothing to tell the story of the crime. She returned to her seat in the parlor just as Lotta entered, holding a small black leather book which she extended with a smile.

"This is what I found in the secret recess," said she. "It is intact excepting the dust which I have brushed off."

Miss Hurst took the little book eagerly. It was thin and did not consist of more than one hundred pages. It was a diary for the year 1901 and showed signs of travel. The various entries were in both pencil and ink, as tho they had been put down when one of the two was lacking.

Lotta intently watched the little woman turn the leaves, pausing now and then as tho a certain entry interested her.

"Mr. Henderson had been abroad?" she asked, looking up at last.

"He went to Europe about ten years ago," was the reply.

"To Italy, I see."

"Yes; he brought me some jewelry from Rome."

"From Florence also?"

"I remember now, a crystal cross from that city."

Hilda's eyes returned to the diary, but soon she closed it abruptly. "May I keep this, Miss Henderson?" she asked.

"You may, and I trust it will be of service to you."

"It may and it may not," replied Hilda in noncommittal tones. "One does not know when one may find a clew. I find them in strange places." And she put the diary into her pocket.

"You have been well provided for, I hope?" she resumed, turning again to Lotta.

"I had been assured that I would not be left to suffer."

"Then you have not been informed of the contents of the will?"

"It has not been opened yet. Captain Connors said I would know its contents before long. But this house is mine. It was given to me five years ago."

"Are you sure you thoroly ransacked the secret place in the library wall?"

"We can inspect it again if you like."

"If you please, Miss Henderson."

Lotta led the way into the library and parted the heavy curtains to admit the light.

"You see I made a cross on the spot where the hidden button is," she said. "Ah, I have found it!" and the next instant the aperture stood revealed.

"It's not very large," Hilda commented as she thrust in her slender hand.

"But it is quite deep, you will observe."

When the hand was brought back to the light it was well coated with dust.

"Nothing?" asked Lotta.

"Nothing," answered the Mystery Solver. "You don't enter this room often?"

"I have a natural horror of it," and Lotta shuddered. "This is the third time I have been here since the tragedy."

"Who righted it, Miss Henderson?"

"Maida."

"And Maida is——"

"The head maid that was. I could not induce her to remain with me, and she went over into Jersey, whence she came."

"Would you mind telling me where her home is?"

"It is in a little town called Rosemary Lane, but it is not as romantic as its name, as Maida often declared. It is in some out-of-the-way locality, and Maida's folks are poor."

"Thank you, Miss Henderson. I shall go now."

Lotta took Hilda's hand and looked sweetly into the depths of her lustrous eyes. "I hope you will come often," said she. "I believe you are going to help Stanley out of the net. I must say that I like you."

"I'm glad some one does," responded Hilda as she left. When she was half a square from the house she broke into a laugh.

"Ha, ha! There was more than dust in the hole in the wall!" she triumphantly told herself.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE MAN FROM MARGARITA.

SIX days later a man stepped from a South Sea steamer that had just docked. He had the air and looks of a Spaniard, altho his garments were American enough to belie his seeming nativity. The little grip he carried seemed decidedly out of proportion to his everyday needs.

A taxi whirled him away and half an hour afterward he opened a door and confronted a big, smooth-faced man who reclined in a chair seemingly at peace with all the world. There was a cry of recognition from the big fellow, while his visitor's dark eyes twinkled as he deposited his scanty luggage on the table and held out his hand.

"Glad to see you, Captain," said the big man. "I got your message."

"The telegram from Vera Cruz?"

"The same. You don't seem to have tarried long in that Mexican rat hole?"

"Why should I?" the other grinned. "Nothing there for Jose."

"But what's up?" and Mr. Crucible leaned forward with fixed gaze.

"Much or little. You shall be the judge. It's about the woman."

"The—woman?"

"Si, brother. The little American woman who got away on the steamer Queen."

Mr. Crucible's look had become an interrogation. "Why the American woman on the Queen?" said he. "Your message did not mention her."

"I prefer the tongue to talk, brother."

Mr. Crucible leaned back in his chair and said eagerly: "Set your tongue to wagging, then; the sooner the better, Captain Jose."

The man from Margarita, our old acquaintance of the Hotel Imperiale, seemed to collect his thoughts.

"She came down on a mission. She is as keen as a jaguar, brother, but, by the Virgin, there are claws underneath the velvet!"

"Please omit comparisons," broke in

"You Tigress!" He Hissed. "You Witch! You——"

Crucible. "I'll admit them in advance. What about this woman?"

"She came and stopped at my hotel. She saw Abozo, the pearl diver. She played a secret hand. She wanted to know, did this American woman, who bought the turtle pearl."

Mr. Crucible's eyes flashed. "Just as tho it was some of her affair!" he growled. "And you lost out in your tilt with her?"

"My tongue slipped, brother, but I tried to keep her back."

"You, a big fellow, with the strength of Atlas, failed when it came to balking an atom in petticoats?"

"She met me with a revolver," confessed Captain Jose, dropping his gaze confusedly to the floor.

"And got away?"

"Hid on board the Queen till she sailed."

"And is here in the city, I suppose?"

"Where else would she be, brother?"

Mr. Crucible drummed on the table with his fingers. "What did this fair inquisitor call herself?" he presently asked.

"She was Senorita Kane," answered Captain Jose, "but——"

"That is not her name," put in Mr. Crucible. "You really let her get away? What if Abozo should turn up here?"

"Abozo cannot do that for the reason that he has gone to join his fathers."

Mr. Crucible seemed to understand. "It's not so bad as it seems," he said after a short silence. "We have the prize about landed. It's a cool million, and there's nothing left but to reach out and secure it."

"And to look after Senorita Kane, brother?"

"Yes, if she really needs looking after."

Captain Jose rose and took a turn about the well-furnished room. "I'm hungry," he said. "I didn't like the ship's victuals."

"Then go down and get satisfied," said Mr. Crucible. "I'll think over the situation until you come back. You will find a cafe just around the corner. You have money, Jose?"

The Margaritan jingled some coin in his pocket in response as he left. At the moment his feet touched the pavement a figure near by drew back into some shadows.

"The tiger from the South Sea!" said a voice in low tones which fell short of Captain Jose's ears.

The Margaritan whisked round the corner and entered the cafe. He swaggered down the main aisle, took a seat at one of the few unoccupied tables, flipped aside the menu with a contemptuous glance and ordered what he wanted in fairly good English. When he had [illegible] Spanish cigarro and then [illegible] round the room. He was loath to depart. The warmth of the café, the brilliant glare and the faces of the pretty women about him appeared to hold him in thrall. They were Americans all, and some were as pretty as Senorita Lola, whom he had left behind on the palmy island nestling in the old pirate waters of the tropical seas.

"Carajo!" he suddenly mused. "Senor Crucible laughs at the woman who came down to find out about the pearl. The cat conceals her claws when she plays, but when she would kill they come forth. I can go back, I can leave Senor Crucible to fight the tiger-cat alone, but he will yet need the skill of Captain Jose."

Tossing the half-smoked cigarro underneath the table, he took another from its case of alligator skin and lit it composedly.

"It's a million, Senor Crucible says," he went on. "Where does he expect to get it? And what is to be Captain Jose's share?"

He was about to rise when he became aware that some one had halted just back of his chair, and he slowly turned his head.

"Good evening, my dear Captain Jose!" said a voice that thrilled his every nerve. "How are things in old Asuncion? And how are Senorita Lola, and the palm grove, and the hammock, and Alphonso—I believe that is the big dog's name—and——"

"Senorita Kane!" interrupted Captain Jose, staring into the deep, laughing eyes of Hilda Hurst.

"Certainly, Captain. I trust you had a nice voyage. I found the sea a little rough. But you haven't told me about Senorita Lola."

"The Senorita is well," grunted Jose, finding his tongue at last.

"And the divers?" she went on. "Are they finding a good many pearls now? I hope you will like New York. But the winters here are not the endless summers on Margarita. You look superb, my dear Captain."

"Hang the woman!" thought Captain Jose. He twisted uneasily in his seat.

"Don't get up, Captain," insisted the Mystery Solver, taking a chair opposite. "It looks like old times to see you in the metropolis of America. If you don't care I'll take a chocolate while I talk."

"But, Senorita, I can't stay," snapped Captain Jose.

"But you must, Captain!" Hilda persisted. "You came in but lately—today, perhaps."

A scowl deepened on the Margaritan's face as he pushed back his chair with the

determination to be rid of the inquisitive little woman.

"Well, if you must be going," smiled Hilda, "good night. But just a moment, Captain." He glared at her like a brigand forced to the wall.

"I'm coming down again next summer—for the next," she chirped, "I am in love with your little golden island. You didn't bring Senorita Lola with you? No? How splendidly she would show off among our American women!" and Hilda waved her hand at the well-dressed women near by. "Don't you think your pretty wife will become jealous?"

Captain Jose leaned toward Hilda in unconcealed rage. "You tigress!" he hissed. "You witch! You——"

"No flattery, Captain," broke in Hilda, laughing in his face. "We American women care little for that." As he turned away she coolly watched as he swaggered toward the entrance.

"A big tiger from the tropics," she said to herself. "Of course he told Mr. Crucible all about my visit to his seagirt retreat. Birds of a feather—no, mates of the jungle, and beneath their velvet are deadly claws."

He was soon out of sight. She could imagine him going back to the room where she knew Mr. Crucible nested. The smile deepened about her mouth. She suddenly broke into another musical laugh and left the cafe.

She cared not to follow the man from Margarita. If she had she would have seen him burst into Mr. Crucible's presence and rave like a fiend. Now he spoke English, and now Spanish leaped from his throat in bewildering rapidity.

"Are you mad, Captain?" cried Mr. Crucible. "Who has bitten you?"

"The woman—the witch, who came to discover who bought the turtle pearl! She's in the cafe now!"

"We'll see," said Mr. Crucible calmly as he put on his hat.

## CHAPTER IX.

### MAX BUNGLES A JOB.

"IF I ONLY thought I could trust you, Max," said Hilda, anxiously, to her admirer the next forenoon.

"I'm sure you can, Hilda. I would do anything for you—go to the ends of the world, even."

"But the trail does not extend that far," interrupted Miss Hurst. The couple were seated at a table in Hilda's lodgings, with a coal fire diffusing a genial warmth. Outside the wind had an eerie whistle and there were heavy flakes of white in the air. A road map of New Jersey lay on the table, and Hilda's finger rested on a certain spot.

"Here, Max," she continued, glancing at her companion, "is Rosemary Lane. It is a small out-of-the way place, but is not very difficult of access. You can reach it within a few hours."

"So the word and I'm off, Hilda."

"In the first place, you must be cautious or you are likely to flush the game. Somewhere in Rosemary Lane lives Miss Maida Calderon. She was the head maid in Hiram Henderson's household, and the girl who, righted things in the library after the tragedy."

"I'm following you, Hilda."

"Miss Lotta tells me Maida is stubborn and suspicious. She refused to remain in her employ and no inducement offered by Lotta could change her mind."

"I think I can manage her," exclaimed Max with confidence.

Hilda removed the turtle pearl from its chamois nest and held it up to Max.

"You can see, Max," she continued, "that the pin belonging to the pearl is missing. I want that pin, and if Maida Calderon has it—she may have picked it up in the library while righting the place—you are to get it."

"I'll get it, Hilda!"

"You must be tactful, Max. From what I have learned of the girl at Rosemary Lane, you will not be dealing with an ordinary person. I am sending you on this mission because—well, because I have no other one to send and I cannot go myself just now."

Max rose and put on his heavy coat.

"You ought to be back by tomorrow night by the latest," concluded Hilda, watching him out of the corners of her eyes. "Let me repeat my command, Max. Be careful!"

Mr. Piper went to the door, threw a kiss at the Mystery Solver, and was gone. The afternoon of the dreary day was waning when he turned into a country road which led to the hamlet known as Rosemary Lane. He had tramped four miles from the little station where he had alighted from the cars, and the walk had warmed his blood. He was anxious to carry out his mission, and when a man came out of a small grocery, the only store in the place, he inquired for a family named Calderon. The man directed him to the end of the rambling street.

"Getting along swimmingly," mused Max. "I wish Hilda could see me now."

The abode of the Calderons was a modest one, sitting back from the street and having in front a porch to which clung some frosted summer vines. Peering at the edge of the veranda, Max saw a young girl in a chair near the parlor fire reading. She was alone and Max saw she was pretty, with a ruddy countenance which he liked so much in the opposite sex. He knocked gently, there was a hurried movement in the room, and the door opened.

"Business?" Isn't this an unseemly hour for business?"

"Really, I could not reach Rosemary Lane before this."

"Come in, then." He entered and took a chair, while the girl stood leaning against the table, eying him.

"I believe you were lately in the employ of Hiram Henderson," began Hilda's agent.

"What does it signify if I was?"

"It may not signify very much," fenced Max.

"Did Miss Lotta send you to Rosemary Lane?"

"By no means" cried Max, catching the beams of light that danced in the girl's eyes. "I have no acquaintance with that lady."

"Then why are you here?"

During his trip Max had tried to select a line of action, one that would suit any situation, but, faced by the girl with the determined look, he was almost at his wits' end.

"I knew the late Mr. Henderson," said he, lying glibly as a last resort. "In fact, I had more than a speaking acquaintance with him. One night shortly before the tragedy I visited him and while waiting for him to come down to the library I was taken suddenly with a heart pain and fell to the floor. In this condition I was found by Mr. Henderson came in, and he soon brought me round. I am subject to heart spells. I left the possession of the pin, and when I got back to my rooms I discovered it was gone. I must have lost it during the fit. Have you found it?"

"And you never found it?" asked Maida.

"I never found it and I have called to see if, perhaps, things in the room or library before or after the tragedy, you found my pearl pin."

There was a strange smile about the lips of the young girl. She turned suddenly and, walking across the room, opened a small door. Max saw her reach in and take something out.

"I'm going to get what Hilda wants," said he, chuckling to himself.

Hilda, within almost a minute before the thought was fixed in Max's mind. There was a different expression on her face.

"Why did you come to me with the truth?" shot from the girl's lips. "Any one can see you are coining a lie, and it is to whiten it that you have come to me. You are a spy and you have been paid for your services."

Finally, Max stammered the unnerved Max, "your distrust is unwarranted. I a spy? For whom, pray?"

"Now, that is a question I cannot answer," said Maida, "but I have the pearl pin which he had no heart. "The police? What would they have to do with my pearl pin?"

Maida seemed to relent, whereupon he took heart. "I didn't find a pearl in the library," she said. "What I did find was this."

She held up before Max's gaze a gold pin, at sight of which he chuckled.

"That's the pin once attached to my pearl!" he exclaimed.

"To your pearl?" cried Maida. "Why man, you never owned a pearl."

Hilda's instructions seemed to take wings.

"I say it is mine," and Max darted forward, only to have the little object jerked beyond his reach. "If you don't give it up, I'll——"

"You are showing your teeth now," laughed the girl, who towered a full head above little Max. "You will not go so far to drag me into the light and make me a witness in the coming trial of the man who killed Hiram Henderson. Go back to those who sent you and tell them I will not be their witness."

"But, Miss Calderon——"

"I will not listen!" broke in the girl. "You came here with a lie—a glib, pointblank lie, I say—and I resent it."

What could Max do? He threw a hasty look around the room. They were alone, the door leading to the veranda was closed, and he believed a sudden bound, a sudden wrench, would do the work. So sooner thought than done. He leaped forward, but was caught by her strong hands and held off as the he were but a child.

"You'd take by force that which you cannot get by falsehood, would you?" she laughed in his face. "I don't know why I kept the pin, but I tell you now that after this night it shall have no existence."

"You'd destroy it, would you, and thus deepen the mystery which surrounds the tragedy of Parsippany Manor? Give me the pin and you shall never be called upon to tell where you got it. I can say this for Hilda."

"For Hilda? Her name is Lotta."

"Lotta is not Hilda," put in Max. "I come from Hilda Hurst, the Mystery Solver."

"Another of your falsehoods!" laughed Maida derisively. "No, your web has been spoiled in the spinning. Go back to your employers and report."

Dragging him across the room, she loosened one hand, threw open the door, and the next moment he shot across the veranda like a bolt hurled from a catapult.

"I wonder what Hilda will say?" he speculated as he picked himself up on the frozen lawn. "I pity the man who gets that damsel!" Adjusting his disarranged garments, he disconsolately took his departure.

**In his eagerness to help the woman he loved Max had allowed sent to overcome discretion. Had the little Mystery Solver also blundered in suddenly facing the unscrupulous Captain Jose, who at once had got the mysterious Mr. Crucible on his guard? The Ledger issue of March 26, containing the next chapter of this story of woman's wit pitted against man's infamy, may give you a definite answer to this question—and it may not.**

He Was Caught by His Hand and Held as The He Were but a Child.

## What She Had in Mind.

THE young woman who had been waiting for him wore her chin tilted at a dangerous angle and her cheeks were very pink above her furs. There was the hint of a flash in her eye.

The young man who was being waited for came toward her with a large smile. "Why, hello, dear!" he breathed. "Been waiting long?"

"Oh, no," said the young woman coldly. "That is, it wouldn't have seemed long to most people. Sometimes I do at times! I—I saw you, George Alexander, simply crawling along the street! You were walking so slowly, and I had an engagement with me was the last thing on your list to think of today! Who was that you were walking with?"

"Girl? With?" repeated the young man with vast blankness. "Oh—oh, you must mean Miss Cummings—I was hurrying to meet you and caught up with her and of course I couldn't just dash on without being polite, so I walked along with her a few seconds——"

"Few seconds!" repeated the pretty girl tartly, and raised her eyes.

"Interested!" exclaimed the young man, "there isn't a single thing for you to get excited about or make a scene over! Can't I say good afternoon to a friend without——"

"That's just it!" cried the pretty girl. "If it were a friend you'd have said how de do and rushed on—but that girl! I wouldn't trust her out of sight! I expect she was trying to flirt with you! And you didn't have to bend over her, did you, as tho you were afraid you were never going to hear what she said? Goodness! If ever you looked at me that way——"

"I don't care if I never do me her again!" declared the young man. "I——"

"Well, you certainly looked at her hard enough to last you a month!" retorted the pretty girl. "Why didn't you tell me you were going to meet her? I'm sure I would have come along and saved you the trouble of walking so slowly. Some shopping, I really——"

"Now, Helen!" interrupted the young man, leading her to a seat, "I want to tell you something which will know perfectly well that the only girl I'm crazy about is yourself, and I wouldn't take Mabel to ten for a farm, so there!"

"I'm!" said the pretty girl, "I might have believed you yesterday! What name you saying to her, I'd like to know, with that dieaway expression on your face? And the way she was gazing up from under her lashes——"

"Now, Helen!" he begged. "Why, Mabel is just a casual acquaintance, and if you knew her you'd see that she was a perfectly nice girl that you'd like."

"Ha!" exclaimed the young woman. "Oh, no doubt I'd be crazy about her! Girls always are crazy about other girls who flirt with the men they're engaged to! And you needn't bother to answer my question; I'm not in the least interested in your conversation! It doesn't matter at all!"

"What on earth am I going to do?" wildly asked the young man of the atmosphere.

"There isn't a single thing you can do!" said the pretty girl, vigorously. "You've already done it! You can't deny, can you, that you were walking slowly, very slowly, with that girl—and acting as tho you were having a perfectly good time—now, can you?"

"No," said the young man gloomily. "If that's how it looked to you?"

"And you were just sort of—of hovering about her——"

"Now, Helen!"

"Well, you were, weren't you?"

"I s'pose so!" agreed the young man, desperately.

"And you weren't hurrying a bit to get here——"

"I told you I couldn't rush by her——"

"And you can just go and walk miles with her!" declared the young woman. "And you needn't come near me again!"

"Helen!" the young man exclaimed sharply. "You couldn't be so foolish! I've explained! Why, you'll drive me crazy in a minute!"

"W-would you feel as bad as that?" asked the young woman, softly.

"I wish that girl was in Tophet!" the young man exclaimed grimly. "Stirring up all this fuss!"

The young woman sighed happily and a smile replaced her frown. "Do you, really?" she asked. "Well, I just wanted to hear you say so, George! I was positive you didn't like her as well as you did me—but I wanted to be sure!"

"Well—for the love of Mike!" groaned the young man, mopping his brow. "If women aren't the limit!"

# Train Orders Imperative

By P. G. Estee

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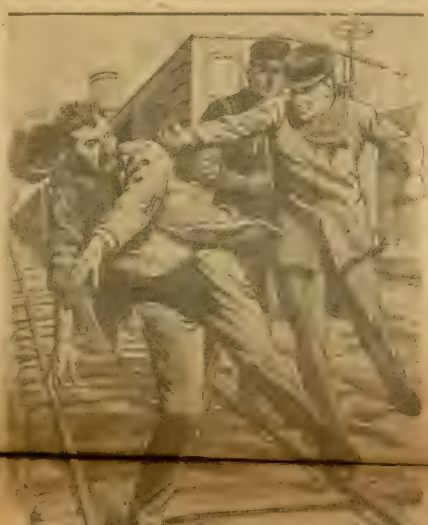
The new superintendent was a man of warped standards and the railroad men knew him for what he was, but obeyed his orders to his own undoing at last.



"Be Firm—and Forcible"

CONDUCTOR FRANK GARVIN'S usually genial face bore an expression of strong disgust as he waved General Circular No. 555 before the assembled No. 27's crew, gathered in the Brooklan railroad eating-house for a portion of Ma Hammond's famous griddle cakes.

"Listen to it, boys! Think of a man like Brack being passed over for the writer of a thing like this. The fellow has neither heart nor brain."

The general circular was signed by H. K. Davis, the new superintendent of the Zillah division and read:

"All conductors and station men will be held strictly accountable for the presence of trespassers on their trains or depot grounds. Firm and forcible measures must be taken to discourage such trespassers. No unnecessary brutality will, however, be exercised. Demerits will follow if tramps or others are found riding without proper transportation.

"H. K. D."

"Of course we can hold up preference freight, miss meeting points and the like while we search the cars and rods for some poor chap that's up against it," grunted Sam Bowers. "Firm and forcible! No unnecessary brutality!" Indeed, he's offering a chance for the 'hard' guy to beat up any hardlucker they may find."

As a rule there were no men more loyal to their officials than those of the Zillah, but H. K., as they termed the new superintendent, had come out from the East, the direct appointee of the "big boss," thus passing over more popular and deserving men, among whom was the assistant superintendent, Brack. There were rumors, too, that H. K. had served as a strike breaker years before and was now reaping his reward. That did not add to his popularity.

A big, bluffy man, with little tact and a high opinion of himself, H. K. started out to show the Zillah men that their former superintendent and hard-working officials were behind the Davis standard, [illegible] the hostility of the [illegible]

[illegible] was [illegible] who fell as the first victim of Circular 555. Old Pat Darahan, ex-brakeman, in fact ex-everything in the line of railroad work, arrived sick at the North End terminal one night. He was without a cent, and Garvin promptly made him comfortable on No. 25 for the ride to his old home. Unfortunately H. K. boarded No. 25 for the run to headquarters just as the conductor was helping Pat off the caboose at Marshall.

The expected promotion to steady passenger service went glimmering in Garvin's mind when he received a call next day to visit H. K.'s office before taking out No. 27.

"Garvin," H. K. said, in his sharp, official tone, "You received General Circular 555, did you not? I am going to give you two demerits for carrying that hobo to Marshall."

"But, Mr. Davis," protested the conductor, "the man was old and sick, without a cent—an old brakeman at that. Sure—"

"That will do, Garvin," decided the superintendent. "Orders are orders. Obey them."

When Conductor Garvin swung his bulk into the cupola of his caboose a little later he was still shaking his head dolefully.

"Orders is orders," he tells us. "Obey them, says he. I wonder has H. K. ever thought of a little scheme for catching the bad acting trainmen who refuse to obey?"

H. K. chuckled two days later when he perused a badly spelled, typewritten communication advising that he attire himself as a hobo and ramble over the Zillah if he would see for himself just how little his orders were being obeyed. The letter was signed, "A Friend."

"Good advice," decided H. K. "I'll slip a demerit to a few more cocksure chaps like Garvin and we'll have better discipline."

Thus it was that the superintendent used to disappear for a day or two at a time, and with a rough black beard adorning his face and wearing a suit of shabby clothes, he habited box cars and box car rods, testing out for himself the effect of his general circular.

He found occasion for numerous demerits and his men, soon suspecting his methods, lost some of their remaining loyalty and respect.

Still another thing made H. K. an unpopular man. At Parkin, a junction and a busy order office, was Henry Long, a likable young fellow with only one arm, but efficient enough with that to hold down the heavy second trick. On duty during the day was pretty Elsie Markey, daughter of a deceased Zillah engineer, a girl loved and respected by every railroad man that traveled the Zillah.

H. K. was badly smitten and this in itself was an offense, for the men sensed his warped standards, and in spite of the fact that Elsie quickly enough gave him to understand that, official or not, his attentions were unwelcome, he persisted in forcing himself upon the girl. Agent Ramsey tactfully informed the superintendent that Henry and Elsie expected to couple and run double-headed thru life—that is as soon as the bedridden grandmother supported by the girl and the heavy doctor bills owed by Henry, should have been cared for.

Promptly came an order transferring Henry to a forlorn little block station on the West End. Then Ramsey, with thirty-five years of unmarked record with the Zillah, went over H. K.'s head and journeyed to see the big boss himself. Henry did not leave Parkin.

That story got about and so did the tale passed along by a gossipy clerk from headquarters, who found H. K. waxing profane over a letter from his superior. Before the superintendent [illegible] the paper aside the clerk had caught the words:

"The undue exercise of unwarranted authority."

However, the superintendent was not a man who abandoned any project easily, and he took advantage of his position to hang about the junction considerably more than was warranted by necessities. [illegible] showed up on [illegible] loved to request permiss[illegible] or some time, somewhe[illegible] had been a telegraph operator, [illegible] favorite amusement was breaking in on the busy dispatchers and upsetting their plans and meeting point.

Taken altogether H. K. was a pleasant individual.

One hot August afternoon he drifted into Parkin on an extra and found that Henry and Elsie had exchanged tricks. Possibly the reason filtered into his mind as he stood at the window, listening to Henry's work. A moment later the operator was called to the ticket window and H. K., yielding to an unusually evil impulse, reached thru the window and, seizing one of the doorframes, pulled train order slips, slipped beneath his coat. He had just listened to the order, No. 141, and knew that no accident would result if the order was not delivered. On the other hand, if Jessie failed to miss it there would be the peg upon which could be hung the suspension or transfer of the operator.

A few moments later Elsie came in to take over the late [illegible] made out the [illegible] orders which he signed as [illegible] now in the office, chattin[illegible] with old Ramsey, noted with satisfaction that the young man failed to list order 141.

No. [illegible] to which train order 141 was addressed, pulled [illegible] and pulled out received no order. [illegible] capped question [illegible] the train as gone was the girl [illegible] nation that Henry must have [illegible]

"Didn't H. give you 141?" queried the headquarters man.

In a flash Elsie visualized the result of her answer. Suspension and possible discharge faced the operator at fault. Her decision was made instantly. After all, Henry was crippled. She was well and strong and the sum in the bank would care for the grandmother for a long time.

"I received 141 on transfer," she clicked [illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

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[illegible]

[illegible] engineer a [illegible] started to walk toward the coming caboose, his foot struck a little wadded ball of yellow paper.

[illegible] train order paper, and [illegible] curiosity Garvin unfolded the ball. [illegible] glanced at the body of the order and [illegible] the number at the top, 141, and

[illegible] Parker today [illegible]

Something of [illegible] said to [illegible] when he [illegible] called him [illegible] private office. And the conductor shook a wrathful fist under that gentleman's nose—a fist which clutched order 141.

"That's why you won't fire any of No. 25's crew, no matter what you think about the Morton deal, and that's why you won't fire Henry Long or that little girl at Parkin. Do you get it? We obeyed orders, didn't we? You told me yourself, 'orders is orders.'"

# How It All Happened

SHE was an extremely pretty young woman with a dangerous droop to her [illegible] and the young man was [illegible] as any girl in her wildest dreams could wish.

"I am sure," she was saying, with dignity, "that I am awfully surprised at you, Edgar. I had no idea you had such a—a terrible temper! And when there is absolutely no reason for your acting this way."

The young man let out what was no [illegible] than a subdued roar. "No reason!" he repeated. "When a fellow is engaged to a girl and she flirts like the dickens with other fellows, what do you suppose he is going to do? Purr, and request her to do it again?"

"Now, Edgar," the young woman remonstrated, [illegible] gravely at him. "If I didn't have the sweetest disposition on earth I'd positively never speak to you again! Just what are you [illegible]"

"[illegible] I came along unexpectedly and find Travers holding hands with you at the Gillams?" demanded the wrathful young man.

"My goodness!" cried the young woman. She smiled at him indulgently. "If you wouldn't jump at conclusions so, Edgar!" she murmured. "I suppose when I get a thorn in my finger from my roses, no matter where I am, I must sit down patiently and wait for you to come along, no matter how I suffer!

[illegible] I must wait for Edgar! Edgar is very particular and I cannot think of [illegible] Yes, it is [illegible] me ex[illegible]

[illegible] Edgar's peace of mind——'"

"Don't be silly!" the young man broke in gruffly. "Of course if it was that—only he didn't seem to be working very hard at first and when I saw him. And I thought I sent you violets that night anyhow. How——"

"I had [illegible]," explained the young woman, still patiently. "I am very fond of roses, but seeing that [illegible] think I shall pass them by after this."

"It sounds all right," the young man [illegible] "[illegible] Always [illegible] your [illegible] when I [illegible] with Jerry [illegible] of the tearoom! And you had told me you were [illegible] Jerry Jones [illegible]"

"[illegible]" interrupted the young woman. "This would make the third time you have told me fluently just what you [illegible] of Jerry Jones. I suppose you'd [illegible] to [illegible] my old friend."

"Friend," [illegible] the young man, bitterly. "He's crazy about you. He'd do anything to cut me out! And with all his money it doesn't make me very happy [illegible]"

[illegible] "Jerry [illegible]"

[illegible] said the young man, still gloomily. "But even at that it doesn't explain why you weren't [illegible]"

[illegible]

[illegible] thing so foolish [illegible] the young man [illegible] "I don't want to be a watch [illegible] I'm so dotty about [illegible] nervous when I [illegible]

myself if you'd only let me know you were downtown! You might have done that."

"I wasn't going to eat any lunch," declared the young woman. "When Jerry asked me I told him so, but he made such a fuss I had to give in. You don't want me to call you up right before him and ask permission, did you?"

"No-o-o!" admitted the young man. "Well, you've made me out pretty foolish, haven't you?"

"I hope," the young woman said, with dignity, "now that I have explained so clearly you are perfectly satisfied and we'll have no more of it! Aren't you sorry you accused me of flirting?"

"Well," said the young man, "I guess it's all right! You've certainly explained! Only somehow it seems doggone funny!"

❦ ❦ ❦

## Met the Old Fool.

COLONEL C—— and a certain hotel proprietor were much alike. A drummer putting up at this hotel had the mortification to find himself placed on the fifth floor. Meeting, as he thought, the landlord as he ascended the stairs, he roundly accused him of treating an old customer shabbily and hinted that he would not come again.

"Sir," said the supposed landlord, "you forget yourself. I am Colonel C——."

Horror-stricken, the drummer hastened to apologize, the Colonel being one of the important personages [illegible] standing at the main entrance [illegible] went up to him and slapped him on the back.

"I say, old boy," said he, "such a joke! I met that old fool, Colonel C——, on the stairs and thought he was you!"

"Well," replied the other, turning around, "and you have met him again."

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[illegible]

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# The Death Scent

## By Lucius Withers

**Death comes to men in strange forms, but surely Henry Killila's death was a more than usually baffling affair. A clever detective solved it by using his nose.**

IN THE semi-darkness of a windy March morning between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock Henry Killila's wife found the body of her husband stretched across the yard walk half way between the front gate and the porch. She screamed wildly three times and fell fainting beside her dead husband. There neighbors, aroused by the woman's cries, found them a few minutes later. They took the dead husband and fainting wife into the house. There were no marks of violence on Henry Killila's body.

Twenty minutes later Dr. Edmondson, the Killila family physician, arrived only to be completely baffled as to the cause of the death of the quiet and only banker in Hill Creek, which is a suburb of Chicago.

As soon as Mrs. Killila was restored to consciousness and sufficiently calmed to make a statement, she told the physician and neighbors that she had found the body of her husband after having arisen from her bed following alarm at his long and unprecedented absence. She said that she had intended going to one of the neighbors to seek assistance in locating her husband. Mrs. Killila declared that her husband had no late engagements that night and that it had been his custom of long standing never to stay away from home later than 9 o'clock unless some unusual circumstance. She said that she had felt some slight uneasiness at 12:30 o'clock when she retired, but, according to her declaration, she soon fell asleep, not to awaken until just before the finding of her husband's body.

As Dr. Edmondson made his way back home just as the sun was streaking the eastern sky he was a deeply mystified man. He had examined thoroughly the body of Killila, and it had seemed to him that his friend had died without apparent cause. For years the physician had cared for Henry Killila. Semi-yearly for twenty years he had examined the banker and he knew that his physical strength and fitness had been unusual in a man of 68 years.

The coroner's jury on the following day would have returned a verdict of death from natural causes had it not been for the startling testimony of Dr. Edmondson. When asked by the foreman of the jury what in the physician's opinion had caused the death of Henry Killila, Dr. Edmondson replied:

"I am sorry, gentlemen, but I cannot state my professional standing in jeopardy, but, gentlemen, altho I am unable to [illegible] I should like nothing better than to perform a post mortem on the body."

An effort was made to obtain Mrs. Killila's consent to [illegible] but she and her married sons and daughter would not consent to such action.

On the next day all that was mortal of Henry Killila was consigned to the earth in the little cemetery at the west end of the suburb, and there the matter would have rested, perhaps forever, had it not been for Dr. James Edmondson, whose mind was tireless and whose curiosity was insatiable after the cause of truth. And even Dr. Edmondson's curiosity might have come to naught had he not had for his friend Donald McCalmun.

Donald McCalmun [illegible] in public life was a mere stripling when the events of a [illegible] had made a fortune quite [illegible] these years [illegible] known [illegible] fore he [illegible] her McCalmun [illegible] of amazing [illegible]

[illegible] clocks will [illegible] do not [illegible] the body of Henry [illegible] tent condition—it was a piece of splendid machinery in good repair and will [illegible]

[illegible] story.

[illegible] Mr. McCalmun did not smile. Instead [illegible] A look of amazement came into Dr. [illegible]

The Young Man Had Raised His Revolver and Turned a Frightened Face to the Visitor

[illegible] he had been able to so interest [illegible] friend. Dr. Edmondson knew that no [illegible] nate absence.

It was the work of but a few minutes at a telephone for McCalmun to arrange [illegible] tion with his stenog[illegible] both of [illegible]

These things McCalmun's [illegible] over without pausing. Neither was attention riveted by the crowded [illegible]

[illegible] range the [illegible] which [illegible] sensed at once that [illegible] old-fashioned, it had been furnished out by people of culture. On the walls hung several large oil paintings

[illegible]

on his mile and a half walk. Few pedestrians were abroad in the ill-lit streets. McCalmun unconsciously quickened his step as he neared the spacious [illegible]

[illegible]

from his pocket the painted Javanese doll which he had [illegible] from the Killila home.

The detective held the trifle out in front of his friend's amazed eyes. Dr. Edmondson took the doll in his hand and examined it.

"Where did this come from?" he asked. McCalmun told him.

"These little leather dolls," explained the detective, "are used by Javanese Indians to illustrate legendary tales cited by them on tribal festival occasions. They are highly prized and tho one may pick up base imitations in the curio shops of Batavia and other towns on the Island, it is rarely that an Occidental falls heir to the real thing. Last night when you entered my apartment I was aware of a peculiar sensation. At first I was at a loss to account for it. Then I was suddenly conscious that you carried about you the faint odor of one of the deadliest and [illegible] of Oriental poisons. [illegible] of years ago while in Batavia I had occasion to look up East Indian poisons. [illegible] and [illegible] Also, I had the opportunity of observing specimens of the poison in the laboratory of a Dutch resident investigator who had been sent to fight the bubonic plague. However, neither this Dutchman [illegible] able to identify the odor [illegible] about your clothes, but finally it came to me. I knew that this poison was one that worked slowly. Sometimes death does not intervene until several weeks after the poison is administered and it is notorious with these [illegible] that no warning symptoms [illegible]

[illegible]

"I waited until evening to call on John Killila and in the darkness and under one of the windows of his home I gave the Javanese death cry which was taught me during my stay on the Island by a friendly native prince. Then I ran away to return a few minutes later to learn that despite Mrs. Killila's warning to her son and daughter, John Killila was in a mood to reveal to me the family secret—the family skeleton. That cry had shaken him severely.

"I learned," went on McCalmun, "that John Killila had spent two years of his life in Java following his graduation from the University of Chicago. He had learned intimately the customs of the Island and incidentally had become a victim of a native drug habit acquired from an Indian girl, who had been the reason for his long stay on the Island. The man's innate decency finally caused him to return to America, but he did not shake off his drug habit until eighteen months ago after his father [illegible] as the result of an effort to prove to the son that the habit could be formed and broken with ease. It is true that Henry Killila was [illegible] at the time of his death, but if he had used the drug [illegible] red nerves would have revealed themselves to you.

"John Killila before leaving Java made [illegible] supplies thru a [illegible] physician. After the son broke off his drug habit the father prevailed upon him to continue the arrangement, threatening to kill himself if John did not grant the request. Of course, the son, being himself responsible [illegible] father's fate could do nothing [illegible] to the demand. It [illegible] and we may feel sure that [illegible] correct [illegible] which caused Henry Killila's death was mistakenly sent [illegible] which he had become addicted."

Dugald McCalmun halted [illegible] recital. For a few moments Dr. Edmondson sat silent, his eyes fixed on the face of his friend and guest. When McCalmun had finished [illegible] asked: "Do you not think that perhaps the deserted Indian girl may have been responsible for the sending of the poison?"

"No," answered McCalmun. "Life afforded the girl no such pretty revenge. She slew herself three days after young Killila left her, but the other [illegible] and who knows—who knows."

## Why He Wept.

A STORY is told of a medieval Sultan who had all the mirrors removed from his palace, so that he might avoid the pain of seeing his own face. The Sultan called on his Grand Vizier one day and by accident happened to catch sight of his reflection. His hideousness overpowered him and he broke into violent sobbing.

In the outburst the Vizier joined. Finally the Sultan calmed down, wiped his eyes, and got ready to smoke and talk. But not so the Vizier. He sobbed on and on.

At length the Sultan got angry and exclaimed:

"Why do you weep longer than I, Vizier?"

"Alas!" the Grand Vizier replied, "you wept, oh, commander of the faithful, because you saw your face but for an instant, but I see it every day."

## The Neutral Idea.

SENATOR SIMMONS said, apropos of a piece of friendly neutrality on the part of Holland:

"Neutral countries, weaker Holland and the rest, are continually doing [illegible] these addresses and the war is prolonged.

[illegible]

# WOMAN'S PART IN THE BIG WAR

## A Danish Woman's Plea.

THE following is part of a translation [illegible] article written [illegible] a Danish [illegible] in Chicago by a woman of [illegible] good education, whose father, a scholar, died about five years ago, leaving his wife and daughter without financial means. She studied to become a masseuse and has supported her mother, who is totally deaf, as well as finding time to work for the soldiers and sailors. Her name is Miss Ingeborg Larsen.

"Are you aware that every knitted woolen article you give the Red Cross may be of decisive influence on the health—even the life—of some soldier? Our soldiers suffer from the cold. During the last cold wave many soldiers had their ears frozen. Knitted helmets would have prevented this. Pneumonia is becoming alarmingly frequent. Warm sweaters help to prevent it. America has been a hospitable country toward the country of Denmark—she is now calling to us. It is now to be proved whether her adopted children have the real love of the child for her. We must all do what we can. Knitting is at present one of the most important things which we women can do. Have you seen American women knit? Most of them have learned it now and they knit [illegible] stitch after stitch, but they knit, and practice makes perfect. It is admirable. Behold them in street cars, automobiles, at parties, theaters, in the clubs, even in boxes at the opera—always knitting.

"The other evening I went to a home on the north side to give a massage treatment to a young woman. She sat in bed, knitting, while she waited for me. I looked at the work—a helmet. 'I have promised to make twelve, for the soldiers are cold,' she said. 'I thought there was plenty of knitting being done,' said I. 'Yes, but not enough; far, far from enough. Dr. and Mrs. W—— had a jackie for dinner on Thankgiving day. He was from Texas. They asked him if he was well supplied with knitted articles, so he told them that the sweater which he wore was rented from another sailor for 15 cents.'

"No, they have yet far from all they [illegible] in childhood can [illegible] same given time, but do they all do it? Do you do it? If you have not done it before, begin now. There is no time to lose.

"Your work is necessary for the soldiers. And, oh, it is good to feel that we are no longer welcome guests, but [illegible] we have rights of children—yes, what is more, the obligations of children toward their home. The soldiers are [illegible] their lives to protect this home [illegible] they come back. Some do not—[illegible] even in the best case, they give a [illegible] of their lives, you might say. Is it too much for us, then, who stay behind, to do all in our power to make that time with its unavoidable hardships and its unavoidable dangers as tolerable as possible in those respects, where we are able to help? At present, knitting is asked. The Government gives the uniform only to its soldiers. Relying on the women of this country, the Red Cross has undertaken to furnish the necessary knitted articles, such as socks, sweaters, wristlets, helmets and mufflers, but they cannot furnish enough unless all women do all that they are able to do. Are you doing it?"

## Children Like to Help.

"'RED CROSS hour' should be installed in the curricula of all the public schools thruout the United States."

This is the belief of Arthur D. Dean of Columbia University. Mr. Dean [illegible] the Vocational Educational Association which met recently in Chicago [illegible] support this proposition. [illegible]

[illegible] war [illegible] except thru service. The [illegible] their services must count and must be accounted for.

Because such work entails no physical and mental ill consequences, Red Cross [illegible]

[illegible] nd hands. They have used their [illegible] and hands. In fact, in the Red Cross work they may use all three, but it will be the heart which answers the call, [illegible] the hands.

[illegible] sponding power. The test of their effectiveness, as ours, rests upon their capacity to respond to a national ideal. We have such a national [illegible] and this need is based upon a national ideal—never finer. Red Cross work is the need, and service for a just cause is the ideal. School programs must allow for the responding power of youth.

Because that service which we have preached in our schools may now be practiced. For a genuine, democratic expression of service open to every child, the Red Cross work offers greatest democratic opportunity.

Boys as well as girls ought to be employed on this work, thinks Mr. Dean. He said: "Small boys and girls can pick over oakum, snip waste pieces, roll bandages, fold compresses. The older girls can cut household and hospital garments, make special bandages working from standard specifications. They will run the sewing machines. They will serve as assistants to guide the work of smaller children. The older boys can make splints, bed racks, cots and packing cases. They can serve as messengers, deliver packages and pack supplies."

## Girl Workers in France.

In the mournfully [illegible] development of the women of France toward individual economic independence there is much that ought to be studied by the leaders of women in the United States. French women have always been workers. The peasant woman, rather than the man, is generally the director of the family savings as well as the family expenditures. But the workingwoman in France has generally been a member of a group, not an economic unit. Now she is looking forward and training herself as an individual.

In an enormous number of cases the young girls now growing up can never hope to marry. However much it may even be against her will, she must actually find a place for her own hands and head in productive activity of some kind—agriculture, manufactures, business or professional work. The nation, as well as the individual girls, recognize [illegible] every opportunity [illegible] where—as deliverers of goods, as bank clerks, on the newspapers, as public gardeners, as taxi drivers, as street cleaners. Paris is filled with girl students and girl apprentices. Hundreds of young women refugees from the north of France are at the Sorbonne, the Beaux-Arts, the Academy of Paris, as well as in trades and occupations. In these latter they run their own employment bureaus, mutual aid societies and [illegible] companies. French "syndicalism," frequently misunderstood in America, has played a very large part in this phase of woman's development, and the women's syndicates are rapidly advancing beyond women's trade unions in both England and America in effectiveness.

The Catholic church, sometimes regarded as very conservative in [illegible] movements, has taken an active part in the development of the French women [illegible] training. Convents have become homes for girls, and in some instances the [illegible] have returned as helpers. The church provides boarding-houses and furnished rooms, restaurants for women only and hospitals. In every way its members seem to perceive the definite need that confronts the daughters of France.

Our conditions are not French conditions yet; they may never be. But the study on our part of the development forced on our Allies by the war is imperative. One of the forces for world unity (which is not the same as a world union) after the war will be the tremendous influence of the women. The [illegible] from us and from England to give votes [illegible] to give training.

## How French Wives Save.

THE French housewife, with her native [illegible] for economy, has saved France [illegible]

[illegible] refugees, not for herself.

[illegible] plicity to frugality—what do they do? They make one sou buy two sous' worth by watching every centime. This, for countless women in Paris, means getting up at 5 o'clock in the morning to [illegible] ket, Les Halles; walking long distances [illegible] walk along the street for good values, turning plain foods into attractive dishes by a well-flavored sauce and a garnishing which costs nothing.

In the old residential quarters of Paris there are hundreds of women of aristocratic connections and moderate means who before the war had several servants and who now have none, or perhaps one. And to women of all degrees of [illegible] humble helpers give a charming touch to hard economy.

A representative household is one where the regular income has suddenly stopped but leaving a little more than the small government allowance. The ingenuity of housekeeper and cook accomplishes wonders. In many a home butter may now be served once a week and perhaps with only one course.

Perhaps three large strawberries must suffice for each serving at dessert, but they will be served with a grace that makes the eating of them a pretty ceremonial. If gooseberries and currants are inexpensive they will combine remarkably with other berries for a compote. Perhaps dessert will be a spoonful of jelly with a simple little cake; or perhaps dessert will give way to cheese, taking on a new attractiveness on its plate of green leaves.


# GET THAT COLD OFF YOUR CHEST

**Stop that cough! Check that grippe! Use Dr. King's New Discovery.**

Millions of people have found in this nation-wide standard remedy a long-sought effective means of relieving coughs, colds and grippe without inconvenient after-effects.

For fifty years it has sold for [illegible] cents a bottle. For fifty years it has warded off the dangers of neglected colds, unchecked coughs. For fifty years it has stopped impending colds before they had a chance to develop. Equally effective for grippy adults and croupy children. A bottle in your medicine cabinet is the best known safeguard against cold and cough dangers. Sold by druggists everywhere.

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FREE [illegible]

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Dorothy Perkins—Climber. Bears double pink flowers.

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[illegible] bushes free by parcel post at the proper time for [illegible] at 25 cents, with 10 cents extra to cover mailing expense, only 35 CENTS in all. The sub- [illegible] once and make sure of this rare bargain.

HOUSEHOLD GUEST, 147 W. Ohio St., CHICAGO, ILL.

PETE PAYS ---

[illegible]
[illegible] help the U. S., 'tis to pa[illegible]
The income tax right on the [illegible]
To wait till June is silly rot'

Now a [illegible] he knew came up the walk,
[illegible] ed him there, began to talk
And argued fast with all his might
To p[illegible]e his big idea was right

Upon his back a mighty hit,
Proclaimed another pest's big mitt;
And then the pair began to tease,
They would not listen to Pete's pleas.

[illegible]
[illegible] I'll go away
[illegible] on his [illegible]
[illegible] coming now

With [illegible]
A lusty kick put the [illegible]
And when they d[illegible] without a sound
[illegible] ing on the ground

He paid his tax with mild del[illegible]
He told the girl, "It's [illegible]
To help our country [illegible]
That blamed old Kaiser [illegible]"

### A Matter of Politeness.

[illegible]—Why do they say [illegible]
Husband—"Dun'no [illegible] they are too polite [illegible]"

Brown—"Why do you offer such a large reward for the return of that horrid, yelping cur [illegible]"

Jones—"To please my wife."

Brown—"But such a large reward will surely bring him back."

Jones—"Oh, no, it won't. I [illegible] him myself!"

### Cause for Rejoicing.

"Why are barefooted [illegible] spoken of as happy?"

"I dunno—unless it's because they are saving the price of shoe leather."

"What does that red flag signify [illegible] often at your kitchen window[illegible]"

"That's an [illegible] arrangement with my [illegible] When he sees it [illegible] downtown, for it tells [illegible] that the missus [illegible]"

### GREAT CAESAR'S GHOST.

Those imperial Roman g[illegible]
They were shrewd, far-seeing, [illegible]
When plebeians raised Old Ned
Gave 'em circuses and bread
Fed 'em and amused [illegible] free
That would tickle you and me
But our modern auto[illegible]
Give us sanitary fla[illegible]
[illegible] us sunshine air and [illegible]
[illegible] and uplift [illegible]
[illegible] pay to [illegible]
[illegible] we complain
'Tis not for such things we strike;
Any one can earn his pay—
What we want's to loaf and play'
Bread and circus have passed by,
Give us movie shows and pie'

### Needed Them, Too.

[illegible] finger tips, mass[illegible] At last he broke out:

'Arf a mo! What d'yer think [illegible]

"It's all right!" said the masseuse. "I'm kneading your muscles."

The Tommy gently but firmly pulled his leg away from the none too gentle grasp [illegible] and breathed [illegible]

### Butting In.

Fond Mother (as the train left for Camp Grant)—"See that you don't sleep [illegible] damp bed, and, George, don't put on damp clothes."

Unkind Comrade (interrupting)—"And George dear, see you don't drink out of a damp glass."

### Already Posted.

"Let me sell you this 1918 style [illegible] It tells you w[illegible] will be worn [illegible]"

"I alread[illegible] hat I'll [illegible] others [illegible] I ca[illegible]"

### Something Special.

The recruit was having his first turn on sentry duty.

"N[illegible] remember your salute[illegible]" the Corporal warned him. "If you [illegible] a lieutenant wearing one star, slope arms. For a captain with three stars, slope arms also. A major has a crown on his [illegible] and you present arms. For a colonel, wi[illegible] his star and a crown, you present arms, and then turn out the guard."

When he was left alone the recruit went over these orders again and again.

Suddenly his musing was interrupted by the approach of an officer. This was a general, and the recruit did not know what to do for him.

"An' what might you be?" he asked bluntly, unable to recognize the badge of the officer's rank.

"I'm the General," replied the officer. [illegible] recruit in consternation. "Then ye'll want something big. How'd it do if I gave ye a bayonet exercise?"

### The Menagerie.

A noncommissioned officer was reading the names of a number of recruits.

"Your name?" he snapped to the first.

"Fox."

"Next."

"Bear," was the reply.

The Sergeant smiled, and glanced at the third.

"Wolfe," said the recruit, and his interrogator gave him a sharp look.

"And what do you call yourself?" he asked a tall youth.

[illegible] the recruit responded, whereat the noncom threw down his pen, and [illegible]ted with good-natured laughter.

"Go order some cages to be built," he roared to a private. "We've been [illegible]"

### Getting Back at Him.

[illegible]

### Be Another Widow.

[illegible] found the [illegible]

The reply went prompt[illegible] be another widow [illegible]

### All Fixed Up.

[illegible] ed proud!

What's that [illegible]

### Ground for Objection.

Captain—"Orderly, this coffee tastes like mud."

Orderly—"Well! The kitchen squad say it was ground this morning."

### Finds Lost Toy Soldiers.

The latest batch of recruits were giving their sergeant an unbelievable amount of trouble. He was an old soldier of thirty years' experience, and the poor attempts of his new squad to understand the mysteries of Army drill nearly drove him frantic.

At last in d[illegible]ation he called the men to stand at ease, as he wished to tell them a little story. It was this:

"When I was a tiny b[illegible] I had a tiny box of wooden soldiers. [illegible] day I lost them and cried bitterly. T[illegible] told me not to worry, as they'd turn up some day, and now, to think that after forty years I've just found the little devils."

### A Wakener.

"Did your new alarm clock help to start the day earlier?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Crosslots. "It didn't make much difference in getting my husband up. But what he said the first time he heard it had everybody else in the house wide awake and jumping."

### An Apology.

A member of the American Lafayette Squadron had [illegible] descent, and was fortunate enough to come down [illegible] lines, not, [illegible] things a[illegible]

After reaching h[illegible] of wires he limped [illegible] hat.

"Are you the big [illegible]" he asked.

"I a[illegible] the commanding [illegible] if that has anything [illegible] do with [illegible]" was the reply.

"Well," said the American, "[illegible] just looked in to tell you I hav[illegible] spread the petrol tank on your grass plot."

[illegible] My poor man, I'll wager that back in your ho[illegible]

[illegible] Eight bill collectors and two [illegible]

### LONG STAY.

T[illegible] snow
Which doth abound
It[illegible]
Upon the ground
But really [illegible]
Should sometimes know
It's time [illegible]
Not hang around

### Reversal of Form.

"What's on the menu?" asked the [illegible]

"W[illegible]l," replied the waiter, "a few articles of food are mentioned. But most [illegible] space is taken up with Government instructions on what not to eat."

### It Catches Them.

"Why, daughter, you never told me before that you loved this young man!"

"Well, mother, I didn't know it myself until yesterday. I never saw him with a uniform on before."

### Haw! Haw!

Wonder why Kit Brent doesn't become natural-[illegible]

"It['s] a matter of money, deah boy."

"A matter of money?"

"[illegible] doesn't want to give up his last sovereign, you know."

### The [illegible]son.

[illegible]

"I guess it is the way they [illegible] thrashing [illegible]"

### NO DRIFTING.

People who [illegible]
[illegible]s you ve[illegible]
Wondered whit[illegible]
[illegible]
But the times ha[illegible]
We can [illegible]
[illegible]

### How He Looks Best.

First Soldier (looking [illegible] himself)—"Which [illegible] best, Mike[illegible]"

Second [illegible] think the one of [illegible] the best."

### As Nature Made Him.

Short-sighted Offi[illegible] right my man, you can take off [illegible] now, the gas has passed."

Private—"Beg[illegible] ain't got a mask on."

### Breaking Their Hearts.

Some soldiers back from the tre[illegible] were being [illegible] behind the lines [illegible] [illegible] terilizing [illegible] party [illegible] unimpressed and afterward an assistant at the sanitary station asked him whether he did not think the machin[illegible]

"Well enough, perhaps," said [illegible] "But I've got a dodge of my own that is better."

"Oh, what is that?"

"Well, I wea[illegible] my shirt two da[illegible] then they [illegible] all [illegible]

Then turn it inside out, and wear it that way. Then they're all outside. [illegible]

"By the time they've got inside again I turn it back again. [illegible] marching and countermarching [illegible] the little devils' hearts, and they d[illegible]"

### Couldn't Understand English.

"M[y] dear," said a young wife, "[illegible] the cook is bashe[d]."

"What?" asked her husband [illegible]ment. "Did she suffer much?"

"W[illegible] talking about?" th[illegible] asked, nettled. "I said the [illegible]

[illegible] you underst[illegible]

### Tough on the Major.

[illegible]

### The Very Reason.

[illegible]

### Cupping It.

[illegible]

### On Their Way.

Our gunners got the [illegible] dropped a shell right in amon[illegible] I looked again they was gone."

"I'm good [illegible]ell, miss, they went in that [illegible]"

### MORNING GROUCH.

[illegible]
[illegible] Peter's sake don't [illegible]

### Being a Sport.

"Tho this is regarded in civil life as [illegible] matter, in the Army it is a very serious thing. I can quite understand you—a recruit—not realizing that, but I am obliged to punish you. However, I will be lenient with you. [illegible]

"[illegible] sport Atkins' I am'"

"You are, sir?" queried Tommy, apparently amazed.

"Yes I [illegible]" replied the C. O. waxing indignant.

"Well [illegible]" said Tommy, ea[illegible] [illegible] days of [illegible]

### Better Than That.

[illegible] said the [illegible] severely practical [illegible] that, replie[d] M[illegible]

### Winnie's Wish.

[illegible]

### In the Fashion.

[illegible]

### For Better or Worse.

[illegible]

Teacher— Wel[illegible]

Little Girl—Keep off [illegible]

# CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1895, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois. [illegible]

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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These two publications are America's most popular weeklies, and are read by millions of people every week.


## GENTLE JABS.

[illegible] an order of [illegible]

[illegible] boils [illegible]

[illegible] to dance with an unsettled bill

[illegible] to keep his opinions to himself.

Even a woman's club isn't expected to hit what it aims at.

[illegible]

Money talks conclusively, but occa- [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] who takes no note of time [illegible]

An engagement ring on the finger is [illegible]

To remove paint from a wall back up against it before it gets dry.

It costs some people more to keep up appearances than it does to live

[illegible] have [illegible] the earth—if they ever get it.

The man who doesn't know right from wrong almost invariably does wrong.

[illegible] head until you burn your own fingers.

[illegible]

[illegible] bite, but give us the bark, please, just the same.

One swallow may not make a summer, [illegible]

[illegible]

A woman [illegible] long as he [illegible] to find out

[illegible] ways pro[illegible]

[illegible] narrow [illegible] up some morning and find it yesterday.

[illegible] man's being his own worst enemy—but why should they care?

[illegible] next it may be that he believes that scat- [illegible]

[illegible] would rather be laughed at for not be- [illegible] cause she was.

# When to Plant That Garden

WHEN shall I plant that garden. That is the question which many patri- [illegible] For their benefit the United States Department of Agriculture has issued a list of the dates on which planting should be done if best results are to be obtained. [illegible]

March 15 to April 1—[illegible] onion sets, early smooth peas, early potatoes, turnips and mustard. May be planted two weeks before [illegible] killing frost.

April 15 to May 1—Beets, parsnips, [illegible] lettuce, salsify, spinach, wrinkled [illegible] plants, celery seed, [illegible] parsley, sweet corn and Chinese cabbage. May be planted about the date of the last killing frost.

May 1 to May 15—Snap beans, okra and tomato plants. Should be planted [illegible] planted until ground is well warmed up, about a month after the last hard frosts. [illegible] last killing frost.

The first problem in preparing the [illegible] for a garden that has not been used for this purpose is to remove all dead weeds, sticks, stones, bushes and trash of any sort. Bushes should be dug up by the roots so they will not sprout [illegible]

Good drainage is essential to a successful garden. If the land is not well drained this should be corrected as the first step in making the garden. Tile drains may be used or the land may be bedded by plowing it in long, narrow lanes, leaving the middle furrows as drainage ditches. In the case of gardens spaded and worked by hand the same [illegible] Vegetables will not thrive in poorly drained soil no matter how much care is given them.

Plowing or spading should be done at [illegible] broken up by the action of the frost and be mellow and friable when planting begins. Nothing aids in the preparation of the soil, and especially stiff soil [illegible] nating insects and worms may be destroyed.

Where severe freezing is sure to occur after the plowing is done, little harm will be done by plowing the ground while wet. Otherwise the ground should not be plowed until fairly [illegible] or clods will result.

The ground after plowing should be allowed to remain rough until needed.

It is an excellent plan to make an application of air-slaked lime or ground limestone to the freshly plowed soil in order that it may have time to correct [illegible] before planting [illegible] The manure should not be applied with the lime, as loss of nitrogen will occur under these circumstances. The lime should be applied and become mixed with the soil before the manure is applied. The manure should be of a good grade, stable manure either from horses or cattle preferably. Manure that has straw bedding material mixed with it is best and should be applied at the rate of twenty-five or thirty tons per acre, or from 300 or 400 pounds per square rod.

It is an excellent plan to prepare the [illegible] for planting as needed rather than to fit the whole garden at once. If the work of fitting the ground is done with a team it will not always be feasible to follow this plan. Ground that has not been used for gardening purposes should, in every case where it is possible, be put in condition with a team as the ground should be cut up with a disc or cutaway harrow, thoroly fining the [illegible] has been plowed, thoroly mixing the manure with the soil.

The W. D. Boyce Co. is [illegible] to help you plant that war garden free by giving you the seeds. On Page 25 of this issue you will find an advertisement which will give all details.

# Your Kitchen in Wartime

### Economical Meat Dishes.

M[illegible] of the fish you are supposed to have when you can't have meat. Harder than [illegible] the task of keeping the family well fed, but they must be well fed if they are to be kept in health. There- [illegible] than ever before in our lives. Much as we prefer beefsteak, roasts and chops, [illegible] as digestible.

The value of meat as food depends [illegible] of nutrients: (1) Protein, or the nitrog- [illegible]

[illegible]

The difference in the various cuts lies [illegible] of the porterhouse. The latter has a superfluity of fat. Therefore, if the house- [illegible] of vegetables and a pudding made of eggs and milk and bread and butter, she [illegible] supply cereal, milk, eggs and fruit with [illegible]

Remember that all the fat should be [illegible] see that he sends you the trimmings [illegible] sell them again, as he surely does if you give him a chance.

Meat and tomato pie is an excellent [illegible] for using up small quantities of [illegible] cold beef or cold mutton. If fresh tomatoes are used, peel and slice them; if canned, drain off the liquid. Place a layer of tomato in a baking dish, then a [illegible] dredge flour, pepper and salt; repeat until the dish is nearly full, then put in an [illegible] and cracker crumbs. When the amount of meat is small, it can be "helped out" [illegible]

### Fish Is a Help.

FISH is a good source of protein as for instance, codfish chowder, says a food saving bulletin from the National War Garden Commission of Washington. This contains three ounces of protein and [illegible] serves six persons.

[illegible] codfish
[illegible] potatoes, [illegible] small
[illegible] salt pork
[illegible] chopped
[illegible]
[illegible] crackers

[illegible] codfish [illegible] until the potatoes are soft. Add the milk and codfish and reheat. Salt if neces- [illegible] are being cooked, then remove them and [illegible] to the chowder just before [illegible]

### To Save on Shortening

I[illegible] member that the vegetable shortening [illegible] lard. When the recipe calls for a table- [illegible] ing


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# Breaking the Iron Ring

## By Ernest A. Young

### This Will Post You

WALDO EDMUNDS, president of the Edmunds Manufacturing Company in the town of Hamilton is boss of the leading political party. Grace is his daughter. Arnold Fay, self-made man, is secretary of the company. Dwight Jackson, a creature of Edmunds' making, is mayor. He has his eye upon Grace. The better element of the town picks Fay to run for mayor, and he accepts even tho he knows it will cost him his job. Grace fails to make him change his mind. Later he meets a woman he believes to be Grace in an automobile with a disreputable chauffeur. Conway, also known as Carter. Edmunds demands Fay withdraw from the mayoralty race. He refuses. Fay's candidacy is now the only topic of discussion. The News, the city editor of which is Goodrick, is a friend of Fay's. Edmunds tries to bring about Fay's resignation from the company, but dares not openly discharge the secretary, lest it become known he is persecuting him for political reasons. Grace Edmunds calls on Fay to protest against his endangering his future thru political enmities, then assures him that she will not lead the woman vote against him. Fay receives an anonymous letter ap-

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CHAPTER X

AT A CLINCH.

FAY leaped to his feet, throwing off the clutching hand of his enemy. His voice was tense as he spoke.

"I am going to remain," he said, "until the time appointed for my going arrives, and I will resist any attempt to remove me earlier."

For a single half-minute their eyes met in a silent duel. Then Edmunds turned and went out without speaking, leaving the door wide open. Fay closed [illegible] and [illegible] hour, he worked with a grim concentration which had never failed to dispose of all accumulated tasks.

At length he called in a stenographer and dictated a dozen letters for the company, all of them precisely the same in their wording and substance as they would have been had he expected to remain in the position indefinitely. That did not mean that the encounter with Edmunds, with the menace the man had delivered, failed to impress Arnold Fay powerfully. In truth, never before had he found it so difficult to do an appointed task.

The luncheon hour came, but Fay still stuck to his desk, piling up memoranda in regard to partly completed work which it would have been next to impossible for his successor to untangle.

"Whoever may come in here after I go," he told himself, "will have to face a tough job at best, and I have no grouch against him, whoever he may be. At the same time, I will prove that I wasn't rattled by the threats of that tyrant. This is one way of beating him to it."

The hush that always made itself felt in the office building when the machinery in the works was not running seemed to the sensitive consciousness of Fay to be more pronounced than usual. There were rarely always voices murmuring somewhere about the place, and the sound of footfalls along the paved way between the office and shops seldom entirely ceased until late at night.

Fay had been so absorbed in the work that he had not realized how swiftly the time was passing. As it had grown too dark to work, he had snapped on the light of the goose-neck electric on his desk. It was the growing silence on one side which aroused him to the fact that the working day had ended.

As Fay arose somewhat stiffly from having remained in one position for so many hours, he looked out thru the upper sash of the window, the lower half of which was frosted. He was in time to glimpse a shambling figure which, with a sort of limping gait, was just disappearing beyond the corner of the office building. The gait was peculiar —a sort of dragging of one foot as if the limb was partially paralyzed—that Fay was reminded of having seen the same person pass that way when he first reached the office that morning. He had also noticed the man several times on the [illegible] previous.

[illegible] he was prompted to ask, "There is hardly a man employed in the works whose general appearance would not seem familiar to me. In a way, I know them all as they know me. And the company isn't hiring new men at this time."

The desk work was finished and there was no reason why Fay should remain longer. He closed the desk and went out, locking the office door.

He was halfway thru the deserted central office when he heard the murmur of approaching voices. The thought of the limping stranger, with an impulse such as he had never felt before, impelled him to open a side door and pass into a narrow vestibule just as the door of the front entrance opened and admitted two men.

Fay despised the concealed listener. It was unnatural to him to skulk. The audacity of his temper always impelled him, rather, to face everything in the [illegible] between the office and factory.

But the door was locked and the key gone. He could only keep on going back thru the general office which had just been entered by the two men. He could hear one man speaking and he caught his own name spoken in a lowered voice.

"Fay will go the limit," was what he overheard, "and there is no telling what he should hold back anything that may put him out of the running. If you have evidence of the kind you spoke of, and think you could put the case thru, I'm for letting it go."

The speaker was Edmunds. The reply came in the sputtering utterance of Dwight Jackson.

"I've got the evidence, fast enough," he rattled off, "but I couldn't testify. I told you—I keep telling you—I'm all tied up."

While, as has been intimated, Fay's nature revolted from even a suggestion of spying, he was conscious of a certain unwillingness before he could announce his presence, and the first words that came to his ears he felt to be his own right to hear. The remarks were full of the utmost significance to him, arousing as they did, curiosity as to the point which he felt had no business to be considered at this critical moment of his career.

"I know, Jackson, you're tied up," he heard Edmunds saying. "I suppose it's a case of the pot not wishing to call upon to tell the kettle to be being black, as the saying goes, but can't it be managed without bringing your name in?"

"It might be, yes," Jackson admitted [illegible] "It's a question of finding witnesses of the sort that would be willing to [illegible] well—"

Edmunds spoke so low that Fay could hardly make out his last words, and the sentence was not finished.

"Witnesses that would be willing to do what?" Edmunds prompted, impatiently.

"You see—or at least to [illegible] the truth," mumbled the other [illegible] means that the facts would not convict of themselves."

The witness [illegible] would convict him, won't; the [illegible] who would, couldn't, unless they were to [illegible] straight testimony [illegible] which knew only by hearsay."

"Do you mean, Jackson, that he had friends back in those days who would not be willing at this time to bring [illegible] old score just to serve our purpose?"

"That's [illegible] old Jackson [illegible] "Was there a real case then?"

"He [illegible] was gone from the findings of the lower court, and the prosecution withdrew, or something of the sort, before it came up again."

"You Are Sure You Did Not Hit Him in the Scuffle?"

[illegible] had a pretty stiff [illegible] wheezed Edmunds.

"I believe the principal witness against him disappeared and he could not be found. With nobody to press it the case was dropped."

"That principal witness must have been bought off," said Edmunds.

"Hardly. Fay couldn't have bought a mongrel pup in those days," sputtered Jackson.

"Then who did the witness [illegible] the other persisted.

"There was a personal friend [illegible] personal obligation, [illegible] of that kind, so it was said."

"Did the witness [illegible] "Yes, two years [illegible] left the town."

"Didn't anybody [illegible] the case again?"

"No. Before he left [illegible] that He carried [illegible] his own way of [illegible] Fay's name to keep it [illegible] making people believe [illegible] to fight for everything."

"You got the name [illegible] Hamilton without much of [illegible] Edmunds reminded him.

"Yes, thanks [illegible] and [illegible] as well name it—the Ring. It wasn't popularity. You know as well as I do the people don't [illegible]

Edmunds was silent [illegible] Fay could hear him [illegible] the floor and he could [illegible] and [illegible] with hands in [illegible] the red puffed-out cheeks and [illegible]

"How about the [illegible] on him?" Edmunds [illegible]

"I think he is just [illegible] and pretending to find out [illegible] spring on him at the right [illegible] thing he [illegible] punctual about [illegible] around every day after [illegible] I think it's pure bunk."

"Then why not tell him so and kick him off?—"

"Wait!" Jackson [illegible] "We can hardly afford to [illegible] the [illegible] turn upon us."

"What [illegible] some reason [illegible] him we [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] to himself [illegible] the man [illegible]

[illegible] munds [illegible] close [illegible] the mot[illegible] ward speedin[illegible]

All was [illegible] then and [illegible] opened the door thru which he had beaten his [illegible] retreat from the general offi[illegible] he stepped [illegible] threshold, however, [illegible] slight [illegible] consternation [illegible] him, for he saw [illegible] Jack [illegible] from a table at which he seemed to [illegible] looking in a directory [illegible]

[illegible] sputtered [illegible] "Thought I went out when [illegible] did—and so you're caught!"

"Looks to me more as if you were caught," Fay countered.

"How so? You hid yourself [illegible] and when you thought we had got out of the way you were ready to go," said Jackson. At the same time it was plain he was worried about what might have been overheard by F[illegible]

"You and Mr. Edmunds were doing the old-line two villain conspiracy acts," said Fay. "I can im[illegible] both [illegible]; you, talkin[illegible] and waving your [illegible] like a windmill, and Edmunds, pacing the floor, would have filmed excellently."

The taunt with a realization that Fay might make use of what he had overheard, threw Jackson into a rage. He [illegible] savagely upon Fay, seizing the [illegible] by the shoulder [illegible] the two men clinched and [illegible] back and forth like [illegible]

## CHAPTER XI.

### CONSPIRING CIRCUMSTANCES

THE time was exactly [illegible] as Arnold [illegible] stepped from the general off[illegible] street. The lights [illegible] on and

[illegible]

As [illegible] under care of [illegible] Then he [illegible] at the dinner [illegible] that hard [illegible] telling on him, right at [illegible] when the waiter [illegible] to dig into his memory for [illegible] that Fay spoke of [illegible] trip out of town [illegible] directed [illegible] the editorial [illegible] At the door he was [illegible] reporter who was on [illegible] and at the same time Cowdrick, the city editor, came [illegible]

"It a fact [illegible] Jackson's dead?" [illegible] nounced the report[illegible]

"Well, that takes him out of it," said Cowdrick, who had been in the service too long to be taken off his feet by a news sensation. "You better go back and keep close to Carey, so as to pick up everything that may work into the [illegible] I'll send Hooker after the side [illegible] Hear how he died? Sudden stroke of some sort probably."

"It happened in the general office of the Edmunds Company and he was hit on the head with a black jack, or something," chattered the reporter.

"Who says that?" snapped Cowdrick.

"It's what they're all saying around the Edmunds office."

"No time now for loose talk, Carey," Cowdrick reminded him. "Get as close to the body as you can yourself and wait for the medical examiner. Use your [illegible] eyes. Hello, Arnold!" the city editor suddenly exclaimed, as he noticed for the first time that Fay was there. "Had you heard? The King [illegible] lost its candidate. Jackson was found dead by the janitor of the Edmunds office, twenty minutes ago."

"That isn't so strange, with his temper," said Fay, in a cold, even tone. Then, as the reporter hurried away, he added, "I want a few minutes of your time, Cowdrick."

"Not many minutes now, Fay, for they'll be chasing me for orders, and I'll have to sift the reports of this business as they blow in. [illegible] had you seen Jackson today?"

Fay did not answer until they were shut into Cowdrick's room.

"I saw him an hour and twenty minutes ago," he then said.

"What! Where did you see him?"

"In the Edmunds general office. He and Edmunds were there, [illegible] my past history [illegible] overheard their talk."

"And you left Edmunds and Jackson there together? Do you realize, Fay, that you are probably the most important witness the authorities will have to help clear up this matter in case there should really be any question as to how Jackson died?"

[illegible] have come to tell [illegible] I thought it [illegible] talked [illegible] anybody else [illegible]

"You left [illegible] and Edmunds together [illegible] Cowdrick persisted [illegible]

[illegible] to Fay the possi[illegible] getting Cowdrick's [illegible] the truth. It [illegible] word [illegible] Edmunds [illegible] man could tell [illegible] proposition [illegible] abilities that Fay [illegible] of them [illegible] fidelity to the [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] table [illegible] a gibe at [illegible] I suppose, that I had [illegible] intentionally. Then he grabbed [illegible] shoulder and we clinched."

"Hell!" gasped Cowdrick.

"He [illegible] better wrestler than I, and [illegible] to the floor," Fay continued. "Then [illegible] up, told him we'd better call it off in one round and that he [illegible] the winner's money. I left [illegible] then, standing by one of the desks and swearing like a pirate."

"And was that all?" Cowdrick demanded.

"That was all."

"You didn't tackle him again?"

"No, nor give him a chance to tackle me. I'm not that kind of a fool, Jess."

"You are sure that you didn't hit him on the head or do him any kind of injury, in the scuffle?"

"It was just a clinch, he getting the inside hold because he started it, and so flinging me rather hard. I guess my shoulder is black and blue, but I couldn't have left a mark on him. But he was in a horrible rage—I've seen him that way before—and in that condition his heart may have failed. You believe my story, don't you, Jess? And if the autopsy—if there is one—shows it to have been just heart failure from anger and physical strain, there will be nothing more to it—will there?"

Cowdrick was thinking harder and faster than he ever thought before in his life. Somebody tried to open the door at this moment. It was locked and Cowdrick spoke before opening it.

"Wait a bit before you tell your story to anybody else," he said. "Of course, Arnold, I believe every word of your statement. But there's no hurry about making it public property, and it might start disagreeable talk."

The city editor admitted Hooker, another reporter who had made a flying visit to the Edmunds office on his motorcycle.

"It's a murder all right," he answered. "Jackson was knocked down with a black jack or some sort of a club."

Fay drew a quick, hard breath and walked over to the window. Outside he saw a crowd gathering on the sidewalk and in the street, staring at the newspaper bulletin board eager for news. At the same time he heard Cowdrick and the reporter exchanging a rapid fire of questions, answers and comments.

"Get everything," the city editor admonished, pushing Hooker [illegible] again locked the door and turned to Fay.

"I wish you had kept away from here, Arnold!" he snarled, his overwrought nerves giving his speech the sound of hostility.

"Jess, do you suspect me of murdering Jackson?" Fay bluntly demanded.

"Of course I think nothing of the kind. I believe you spoke the truth when you said you left him all right. But you'll have a sweet time, just the same, making some others believe your yarn. I say, better keep your mouth shut and so will I mine—at least, unless [illegible]" Cow-


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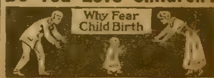


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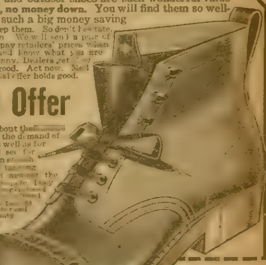

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deck broke off, staring hard [illegible] friend.

"You advise that I say nothing about my encounter with Jackson tonight?"

"Not a word. The King would be for having you pinched in a jiffy. You mustn't forget, Fay, that the Iron Ring will be keen to make you the goat. Say, old man!"

"What is it, Jess?"

"There wasn't any—any accident to Jackson in that scuffle, was there? When you threw him down his head mightn't have struck——"

"I didn't throw him down," Fay interrupted. "I was the one to be thrown."

"Yes, yes! But it makes an infernal combination of circumstances against you, coming as it does just at this time. Can't you see it does?"

"I see it plain enough. As you say, I had better let them dig out of conjecturing any facts. Just the same, I don't think it is the obvious thing that, because one of two rival candidates for the office of mayor of a city dies suddenly, the one who survives is his murderer."

"If you should tell those people of yours told me they wouldn't bother about digging for facts, believe me," said Cowdrick. "Don't you see, Fay, when a man is knocked out in that fashion somebody that had a motive had to do it. A man standing in your reputation don't count so much as he thinks they're going to. Clergymen, doctors, lawyers, financiers, commit all kinds of crimes including murder. And innocent men have a tough time disproving all kinds of circles. A reporter is like a looking-glass—a breath beclouds it and you don't have to hit it much of a slam, to smash it—which I don't lay claim to as an original simile."

"I see!" breathed Fay.

The city editor looked in on the other's reflections with the sharp injunction:

"Now, get out of here, of all places! They'll be making out an accessory after-the-fact." And Cowdrick laughed so there should be no sting in the remark.

Without another word Fay went out and joined the crowd on the street.

## CHAPTER XII

### TIMOTHY Q. CHAPMAN

IN HAMILTON there were not more than a dozen persons who knew that Jackson and Fay had known each other before the former came to the city. That they were personally unfriendly hardly any one knew.

The King had put Jackson into the [illegible] chair, for he was not a popular [illegible] of those [illegible] otherwise [illegible] political candidates for the opposition. The matter had taken actual shape only a few days before the opposition convention nominated Fay.

Within those few days public feeling waxed strong and events moved rapidly. When news of Jackson's murder flashed thru the city nobody seemed to think of mentioning Fay's name in connection with it. A few asked who the King would put up to beat Fay, and some wondered if there would be time for them to put up any other candidate.

It was generally predicted that, whoever they might select to run in Jackson's place, Fay would be practically sure of election. "This beats the Ring anyway," was a prediction that gained general acceptance.

The evening newspaper, rival of the News, printed the murder story with this editorial comment:

"Jackson had the solid support in his former campaign, which resulted in his election as mayor of Hamilton, of all his business associates, as well as of a host of personal friends and admirers. These friends and associates were with him in the local political contest which has been terminated by this mysterious affair. Fay has practically no backing by a different element. What that element is, it is not necessary to say. Neither would it be proper to insist that, politically, the plight of the late mayor's adherents may not seem grievous to the friends of Mr. Fay, who sincerely they may deplore the means by which the rival candidate has been removed."

There was a vicious sting in the paragraph and when Cowdrick read it from the hiding place of the exchanges [illegible]

"That devil couldn't let the chance go by to get in a dirty dig. And the Ring will sure get busy. They always aren't politicians—the Ring."

In their public utterances and printed sentiments politicians are restricted usually to a polite and smooth-sounding phrase. But when it comes to private speech, one to another, a spade is apt to be called a spade.

The News was a morning paper and upon occasion it adhered to its rule not to print an evening edition. But the next morning it came out not only with carefully prepared account of the murder, Dwight Jackson, so far as known would warrant, but with a boldly worded editorial comment. Drew, the managing editor, wrote the editorial, but he prepared it from a rough draft struck off by Jesse Cowdrick.

The editorial committed the newspaper from that hour to a fight [illegible] the Iron Ring and opposition to [illegible] candidate [illegible] must [illegible] in place of Jackson.

This decision had been reached after a brief conference among the editorial and financial heads of the paper. In that conference Cowdrick's views had more weight than it had ever increased before; but there was little opposition to the stand as taken, and the conference did not last ten minutes.

Within an hour after the News was being sold on the street a man with a peculiar, shambling gait walked into police headquarters and declared that he had something regarding the supposed murder of Dwight Jackson.

"I'm a private detective," the stranger announced, when he was admitted to the chief's office. "I came pretty close to knowing who the mayor of your city met his death."

The chief shrugged his shoulders. He had a poor opinion of private detectives generally and this specimen did not impress him favorably.

"Did you see him killed?" the chief asked.

"No. But I saw the last two persons who were with Mr. Jackson in the mill office when they came out. One was Mr. Edmunds of the company——"

"We knew that, and Edmunds has told his story."

"The other was Mr. Fay."

"Mr. Arnold Fay, do you mean?" snapped the chief.

"Yes. He came from the office about twenty minutes after Mr. Edmund left."

"Where were you?"

"At the street corner close to the building nearest the side alley. Fay passed within ten feet of me, and half a minute later he stopped under a light to brush something from his shoulder. I saw his face as plain as I see you now."

The chief eyed the stranger more keenly, for here was a point that could be exactly ignored, no matter who told it.

"What is your name?" the chief demanded.

"Timothy Q. Chapman. I'm from Peoria, and if you want credentials you can inquire about me there."

"I didn't say anything about credentials. How did it happen that you were spying upon people going in and out of the Edmunds Company office?" the chief pursued.

"I was hired by somebody to watch somebody else."

"Who hired you to watch whom?" snapped the chief.

"I ain't testifying in court yet, so I don't have to talk about the business of my employer. But I'll say this much: I'm not working for Mr. Fay or Mr. Edmunds when I see them, and that I knew Mr. Jackson, so I couldn't very well be working for him. Matter I come to tell you about. Both Jackson and Fay used to live in Peoria, by the way."

"Huh!" grunted the chief. He got out of his chair and took a turn across the room and back before he asked: "Were you acquainted with them in Peoria?"

"I didn't say so. I was just telling what I saw tonight when Mr. Fay left the mill office. It couldn't have been much more than ten minutes after Jackson was [illegible] carried out of the office that Mr. Fay ought to be in position to give you something, about to the good dope about the murder. Isn't that so? You remember that Mr. Edmunds came out twenty minutes before——"

"Never mind about that," the chief cut in. "What more new facts can you give us, Mr. Chapman?"

"I observed Mr. Fay's movements after he left the mill office. The private detective went on. "He went to his lodgings and remained there for about half a mussed-up look. Then he returned to the street. He visited the office of the News a little while, and talked with a man on the editorial staff. I was told the man's name was Cowdrick."

"Cut right to the point," the chief said. "Fay came out of the newspaper office a little while." Chapman [illegible] and round to the side alley, where, [illegible] the room I that was put up on the bulletin board. At last he went to a roundhouse and [illegible]

"I [illegible] demanded the chief.

"I ought to be enough to start with. It appeared to be sort of up to [illegible] authorities to get Mr. Fay [illegible] could be called to testify at the inquest. [illegible] What knowledge I had was [illegible] absolutely exonerated Mr. Fay from [illegible] murderer. Mr. Fay would be [illegible] for the inquest [illegible]

"Mr. Fay [illegible] Mr. Fay's [illegible] not [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

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[illegible] and that [illegible]

"Then [illegible]

If Mr. Fay [illegible] right [illegible] matter, [illegible] doubt [illegible]

[illegible]

The private detective [illegible]

The chief [illegible] his shoulders and [illegible]

"I would be [illegible] however Mr. Fay [illegible] the city [illegible] other side [illegible] Well I guess I'll have to [illegible]

The chief [illegible]

"I want to [illegible]

"All right," was the response. [illegible]

[illegible] Drummond had been [illegible] expected to [illegible] Sunday-school lines. [illegible] a possibility that he had attempted [illegible] conscientiously. He had secretly disliked Jackson and distrusted him, and he hated to feel that he was a vassal of the Ring. He would have welcomed a change in the city administration, but he [illegible] chance of beating the man who had appointed him.

For some time Drummond had been on the lookout for an opening in another city, so he would not have to be bound to Jackson's bossing for another term. According to his reckoning, there was a [illegible] of losing his official head which [illegible] one of the rival candidates [illegible] won.

Drummond waited an hour for Fay, and was growing impatient just as the door opened and the latter came in. The chief stared at his visitor a full minute before [illegible]

"What is the matter with you?" he then exclaimed. "You look [illegible]"

"Most [illegible] would look [illegible]

[illegible]

"It doesn't worry me at all," said Fay. "I wanted to ask you, Mr. Fay, [illegible] know anything about him?"

"I don't know much about him," Fay cleared his throat before adding. "He turned up at Peoria about three months before [illegible] the initial Q [illegible] called [illegible]

[illegible] laughed Drummond.

"What [illegible] to know about him?" [illegible] asked.

"He seems to [illegible] I'm obliged to [illegible]

"That's true."

"Then you wouldn't [illegible]

Fay broke [illegible]

[illegible] and Heaven knows [illegible] No, Drummond, I'll [illegible] forced to make [illegible] foundation. Nobody can knock the truth from under me."

A flash of approval gleamed from the [illegible] At the same time his [illegible] expression of deep concern.

"That is a strong stand to take," [illegible]

"Oh, sure [illegible] Chapman have to say?"

He said that Mr. Edmunds went [illegible] the general office with Mr. Jackson, that [illegible] a little later, and that you came [illegible] twenty minutes after Edmunds left. He said you stopped to [illegible] as you [illegible] a street light."

"If I had been in a fight, probably," said Fay.

"Still later [illegible] to this man's story, you went to your lodgings, and that your clothes [illegible] up to [illegible]

Nothing more [illegible] his ease against me," Fay demanded.

"You went to see Cowdin [illegible] editor of the News. [illegible] that is all."

Fay was silent [illegible] Drummond [illegible] paper cutter on his table. At last the chief spoke again. "You ought to be able, Mr. Fay," he suggested, "to throw a little light on this affair. Mr. Edmunds explained that he had a short [illegible] with Jackson in the company's general office, and that he left the mayor sitting at a table [illegible] He said that Jackson sometimes used a desk there for convenience."

[illegible] of the Ring," said Fay [illegible]

"That doesn't [illegible] anything to do with what I am trying to get at," Drummond returned, for the first time showing impatience.

"[illegible] a great deal [illegible] or it is likely to have," insisted Fay.

"Do you admit that you saw Mr. Jackson after Mr. Edmunds went?" the chief asked.

Fay told in detail how he came to be caught in the side entrance-way and had so become an involuntary listener to the Edmunds-Jackson interview. He did not [illegible] only. "They [illegible]," he concluded.

"Did you leave as soon as Edmunds had got out of the way?"

"I attempted to go at once. Supposing that Jackson went when Edmunds did, I stepped into the room where the mayor [illegible] sitting at the table in the way Ed[illegible] told you he left him."

Drummond leaped to his feet. "The— [illegible] you did!" he exploded.

"Jackson at once charged me with eavesdropping," Fay continued, "and similar talk was passed back and forth. Now, Mr. Drummond, I am going to tell you the last thing I know about this business, and then, if you think you [illegible]"

Fay hesitated, for the face of the chief [illegible]

[illegible]

"If you can give any more information you had better do so."

"There is nothing more."

[illegible]

"Very well. [illegible] ought to detain [illegible]

**Fay realized that he was in a predicament, that there was a likelihood he would be implicated in the murder of Dwight Jackson. Now the crisis [illegible] Did his nerve fail? Read what happened in the Ledger next week.**

# Health Notes.

**WHAT does your health mean to you? Everything, if you are dependent upon your own efforts for a living. Yet how many of us pay slight attention to what is really the most important part of our lives. In this column you will find some information that is authoritative and which you may find of value in correcting conditions that may be causing you ill health.**

## Fruit Is Necessary.

MANY persons who work at sedentary occupations fail to take exercise such as nature demands. In this busy world the majority of workers have little time to think about themselves.

Few of us drink enough water. Yet we know how thirsty we are after a salty dinner. Right here is a hint as to how to make one drink plenty of water. A tiny piece of salt fish or a very few salted nuts will help to make us want more water. It's all very well for the doctor to tell a busy man that he should drink so many quarts of water a day. Usually he forgets about it just as soon as he plunges into the day's work at the office. But if he has had an attractive bit of salt fish for breakfast, no one will have to coax him to drink water.

So many housewives under stress of war conditions are trying to get the greatest amount of nourishment for the money expended. But in providing food for a family that gets little exercise, some of the money must go for foods having little or no food value.

With few exceptions, fruits belong to this class. Yet you can get more nourishment out of an egg at 5 cents than can be obtained from an orange at the same price. But the orange has virtues that the egg has not.

In the winter markets there are fruits within the reach of the average [illegible] which may be used. There are dried apples, peaches, pears, plums and grapes or raisins. Even half a pound of each of [illegible] will permit providing a different [illegible] each morning for a couple of weeks.

Remember that all this dry fruit should be thoroly scrubbed in several waters before you put it to soak. It is [illegible] but they must be thoroly cleaned. Some days serve the fruit stewed. Then, again, make apple [illegible] from your dried apples, or chop the clean fruit into bits and mix it into the cereal, the muffin batter or the biscuit dough.

Endeavor to have a salad plant at least once a day. A little chopped cabbage nicely seasoned and served with a simple dressing of oil and vinegar helps give "bulk" to the diet. It is so [illegible] it helps in the digestion of other [illegible] concentrated foods like bread, eggs and meat.

## The Folly of Improper Eating.

MOST persons should chew food more thoroly than they do. The finer the particles of food when they reach the stomach the more easily do the digestive juices extract the strength and nourishment required for the body. So many of us go thru life apparently living on "the fat of the land," yet wondering why we are miserable in health. If we persist in hasty eating, we are sure at some time, to pay the price of our foolishness.

It is an established fact, and not merely a pretty sentiment, that cheerfulness at meal time is a great aid to digestion. We should make our meal times as pleasant as we possibly can. Anger, fear, melancholy, all operate to lessen the nourishing value of food, as well as to decrease the desire for it.

Sensible eating is surely a thing worth while. The ill-nourished or the overfed have not the power and endurance to cope with those fortunate persons whose stomachs are at ease.

## Art of Being Happy.

SOME people seem to think that happiness is a thing that [illegible] hold of and keep as if it were a [illegible] or a quality of character. In reality you have to work for it and you have to keep on working. Teach yourself to respond to everything lovely or cheerful, to see beauty, to enjoy the [illegible] fellow men to delight in [illegible] enthusiast [illegible] play. [illegible] interest in the struggles [illegible] the sort of interest that [illegible] that is a help.

Learn to enjoy the [illegible] Make the most of your own [illegible] Don't [illegible] whether you are [illegible] other [illegible]

[illegible] the wonder of [illegible] without knowing [illegible] have gone along [illegible] what happiness [illegible]

## All in Her Eye

HE WAS very fond of playing jokes on his wife, and this time he thought he had a winner.

"My dear," he said, "[illegible] I just heard [illegible] was going blind, and so a surgeon operated on her, and found"

"Yes?" gasped the wife, breathlessly.

"That she'd got a young man in her eye!" ended the husband with a chuckle.

For a moment there was silence. Then the lady remarked slowly:

"Well, it would all depend on what sort of a man it was. Some of them she could have seen thru easily enough!"


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# Billiken's Boy

## A Story for Children

MRS. MARTIN sat on the front porch [illegible] stocking, when Hans [illegible] around the corner [illegible] crying. Yes, Clint [illegible] shoved away [illegible] in the dirt [illegible] stocking [illegible] door.

"Where is he, Hans?" she demanded, and there was a note in the voice that boded ill for Clinton.

"He is on top of the fort that we made and he dares anybody to come up and chase him down."

Mrs. Martin walked quickly thru the house, Hans wiping his tear stained face on his blouse sleeve, hurried around the corner to witness Clint's humiliation.

In the lot back of the Martins' house was a large pile of dirt which represented

the fort. On the top of it seated on an old campstool was Clint, waving a flag and daring the enemy to come up and get him.

[illegible] up the hill were seven [illegible] and as they neared the summit a shower of sand fell on their courageous heads, blinding their eyes and cutting into their sunburnt faces. Clint was holding the fort, and between the [illegible] strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" [illegible] organ. In his pride and the assurance of his position he forgot a higher power, and the sharp call of "Clinton" took him aback.

"Come down from that place at once and go upstairs to bed!" How [illegible] one's [illegible] topple. How [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

It was [illegible] to learn his lesson, however [illegible] up in the bathroom and wash the dirt from your hands and face; take off your clothes; put on your nightgown, and go to bed."

[illegible] When [illegible] spoke in that [illegible] there was no appeal. She waited until he was safe under the covers, and then [illegible] went back to her mending. For [illegible] while her fingers flew nimbly, and then she was conscious of Hans' broad [illegible] peeping around the corner again. He [illegible] to her and fled; she was [illegible] mystified. She heard the boys [illegible]; but Clint was safe in bed, and he would not dare disobey her, she felt sure of that.

The cheers were [illegible] nearer, and suddenly around the corner and into the dusty street ran a small, nightgowned barefooted figure. After him, in all the glory of their Indian suits, came the howling young mob. In vain did Mrs. Martin call and threaten; showers of dirt and other missiles struck that unprotected form. And then to her great relief, she heard the danger cry of the gang, "Cheese it!" She saw the boys turn and scatter, and Clint [illegible] fight for safety [illegible] the powers that be [illegible] into the [illegible] of big Gus Stafford, the cop.

[illegible] lifted him [illegible] and [illegible] like a football as he [illegible] at [illegible] [illegible] station house will take [illegible] of the mischief out [illegible]" By this time mother [illegible] policeman. A [illegible] passed between [illegible] ened he trembled from head to foot

[illegible] Stafford and I calculated to [illegible] [illegible] in the [illegible]

[illegible] bathtub and into bed [illegible] [illegible] Then mother asked [illegible] "Whatever made you [illegible] [illegible] thing?"

"Well," sobbed Clint, "I got up and looked out of the window, and the feller [illegible] me to come out and I wouldn't take their dare."

After mother had gone downstairs he looked at the wallpaper for a long time, at the [illegible] and lastly at the little Billiken that stood on the mantelpiece. And what do you think the little [illegible] [illegible]. Worked at him and, [illegible] his funny little fat [illegible] over [illegible] head and [illegible] straight on his [illegible] little eyes that small [illegible] winked again. Then he slid down the [illegible] that supported the mantelpiece and walked across the room.

[illegible] the bed he climbed and sat right down on Clint and said in a very severe voice for such a wee little man: "You ought to be ashamed of yourself. [illegible] trouble for every one ever [illegible]."

That made Clint [illegible]. "What did I ever do to you?" he demanded.

"Look at [illegible]" continued the [illegible] little [illegible]. "It [illegible] Look at the [illegible] everything [illegible] for [illegible] mother to pick up. You [illegible] to any one but yourself, and if you keep on you won't [illegible] friend [illegible]

[illegible] a poor little Billiken, [illegible] [illegible] because I reminded [illegible] and tried to make people happy. Think it over and see if it pays to be in the state you are most of the time." Then Billiken slid down from the bed and crawled up the pillar and settled himself back [illegible] place, as if he had never left it.

Clint rubbed his eyes and looked around the room. Then he got out of bed, folded his clothes, hung up his cap [illegible] and arranged [illegible]

"How does [illegible] you?" he asked [illegible] old Billiken who simply grinned, [illegible] made no reply.

At 7 o'clock mother opened the bedroom door softly. She carried a bowl of bread and milk. And [illegible] came in. Surprise flashed over [illegible] noted the tidy [illegible] room. Mr. Martin's stern [illegible] on softened when he saw the sunburnt sleeping boy. Mother put her [illegible] her lips, and [illegible] out of [illegible]

### No Real Equality.

[illegible] At last the [illegible]

[illegible]


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# On Black Hawk's Trail

By Harriet Wheeler

## The Story in Brief

"You Risked Your Life for Me, William."

then—he quickened his pace, as he uttered these few words over and over again. His mind refused to pierce the future without Sylvia beside him. Then the strong, rugged presence of Abraham Lincoln seemed to rise before him, and again he heard that manly, sympathetic voice repeat: "I desire so to live that the world will be the better for my having lived in it."

"Abraham Lincoln will do it," he said aloud and added, "and I will try to do it."

The Captain paced slowly back and forth; the steamer was slowing up on the Iowa side, and, as it rounded a bend, he observed a line of rafts ahead making for shore.

"The survivors of 'Black Hawk's War,'" muttered the Captain beneath his breath. "Poor, tattered, haggard wretches—men, women and children, scarcely two hundred in number, and the picture of despair!"

The fugitives ranged themselves along the beach, casting frightened glances at the approaching Warrior, and turned an appealing eye toward the wigwams standing beneath the sheltering trees. In another moment a young brave, accompanied by three companions, advanced from the central wigwam.

Captain Throckmorton thrust his head out of the window and said in a low tone: "That brave is Keokuk, Captain Horn. He is not over 30 years old, a fine specimen of an Indian warrior, athletic, frank, generous and a sincere friend of the whites. I am glad to slow up and hear what he says to the people."

The steamer came to a standstill as Keokuk reached the beach and paced slowly up and down in front of the line of his destitute countrymen. He trembled with emotion as he beheld their suffering condition and [illegible] as he began brokenly:

"My mothers! My sisters! My brothers! I forewarned you of what I believed was inevitable—that if you should persist in marching off in a body, your attitude would be regarded as a hostile one, and you would be destroyed. The destruction of that portion of our nation of which you are the remnant has been nearly effected. Your leader is gone—he is in the keeping of the whites—we know not what will be his fate. But you must submit to your condition, and must now fully identify yourselves with us, the peaceful portion of the nation, and we will, to the utmost of our ability, alleviate your sufferings and supply your wants. You know me well and know that I never have a desire to go to war, either against the white or the red man, and always endeavor to inculcate by my own example that peace is our true policy. Now, my advice to you, young men, the remnant of a noble band, is to pursue the game in the forest and not seek the destruction of your fellow men, while your women cultivate the soil at some place chosen for that purpose and there live in peace and harmony with all."

The destitute, wearied company wept aloud at the words of Keokuk. They accepted his invitation to abide in his village and accompanied him to the wigwams.

The steamer moved slowly onward. Captain Horn wiped away the tears which had gathered in his eyes and rose from the steamer chair where he was reclining. He realized that his lower limbs were stiff and numb, a dull buzzing pain throbbed thru his head. There was no mistaking the symptoms. He made his way to the cabin and called: "Dr. Philleo! Please send Dr. Philleo!"

The Doctor arrived a moment later and found the Captain sitting with his head bowed over a chair, his hands cramped with pain.

"Captain Horn!" he cried.

"There is no question about it, Doctor," replied the young man. "I am a cholera candidate."

The Doctor opened his medicine chest and began his ministrations.

Five minutes later Captain Horn was comfortably bedded in the stateroom adjoining Lieutenant Anderson's.

"I warned you, Captain!" sang out the Lieutenant.

"You did, Anderson!" retorted the Captain. "This cannot be charged to your account."

"And now keep quiet," continued the Doctor, after [illegible] arranged matters to his liking and was leaving the room.

He was in and out several times during the day and assured his patients that they were doing well. Late in the afternoon the Doctor returned, accompanied by Elijah Kilbourn.

"What are you doing here, Elijah?" questioned the Captain.

"I have come to transfer you to the [illegible] at Fort Armstrong. We are in sight of the fort."

"Are the prisoners to go to the fort?"

"No, General Scott has sent a small steamer for us. He orders Jefferson Davis to convey the prisoners to St. Louis and deliver them to General Atkinson at Jefferson Barracks. Black Hawk is [illegible] at the order as he feels that he should be granted a personal interview with General Scott. However, Davis has assured him that General Scott has given [illegible] order out of regard for the welfare of his distinguished prisoner. [illegible]

[illegible] the Captain. "Black Hawk [illegible] to me last evening that Jefferson Davis was a good and brave young [illegible] much pleased him. [illegible] to keep Black Hawk in good spirits."

The transfer of the [illegible] was made without delay and the [illegible] from the fort and the [illegible].

"What are you going to do, Elijah?" questioned Captain Horn, after he was comfortably settled.

"I am discharged from service," [illegible] Elijah. "And I am going to [illegible] up some of the boys before I return to Dixon. I am off now on Bill Greene's trail and I hope to run across Lincoln. I am going to pay my respects to Rachel [illegible] Sylvia Hall [illegible]."

"Don't tell Sylvia!" groaned the Captain. "Don't let Sylvia know!"

"Good-by, Horn!" said Elijah, waving [illegible] I'll tell Abraham Lincoln."

## CHAPTER XX.

### SYLVIA IN THE CHOLERA TENT

THE hospital quarters consisted of a row of fifty tents opposite Fort Armstrong [illegible] on either [illegible]

[illegible] the loss [illegible]

Robert Anderson [illegible] Captain Horn as the night waned.

"I'm here, Horn," [illegible] Lieutenant Anderson from the adjoining tent. "Are you holding out?"

"Yes," responded the Captain, "I'm holding on. We will fight for dear life, Anderson."

The time dragged wearily after a day and night of rain, the tents smelt damp and stuffy. The one soldier attendant paid brief businesslike visits to Captain Horn and Lieutenant Anderson. They had passed the stage of acute suffering, and others were in greater need of the services of the overworked attendant. Each night a fresh trench was dug in the thickly tangled forests bordering Fort Armstrong, and three or four bodies wrapped in blankets were hastily committed to Mother Earth.

The excruciating pain of the early stages of the disease left Captain Horn helplessly weak. He dozed a greater part of the time; but Elijah Kilbourn's last words floated constantly thru his mind: "I will not tell Sylvia, I'll tell Abraham Lincoln."

And the thought of Abraham Lincoln's large-hearted sympathy and the knowledge that Sylvia was not to be worried sent the Captain off to sleep again.

On the morning of the third day after his arrival, an officer accompanied the attendant into his tent. He was tall, of commanding presence, with an open, frank face from which beamed a pair of kindly eyes. The officer bent over Captain Horn and asked, in a sympathetic tone:

"Well, my boy, how does the world go with you?"

The Captain roused himself and looked into the kindly face.

"General!" he exclaimed. "General Winfield Scott, why are you here?"

"To see if my [illegible] have been properly administered."

"But, sir," [illegible] the Captain, "the General should not so expose himself!"

"General Scott [illegible] care for his Army [illegible]"

[illegible]

the [illegible]

"[illegible] speak with [illegible] She waited [illegible] is accompanied by an officer of the late war. She [illegible]

"I'll see you tomorrow, [illegible]," said the General, as he [illegible] and passed under the [illegible] the cholera tents from the [illegible] quarters.

The [illegible] led on to a [illegible] elms beneath which stood a [illegible] leaning against the largest tree [illegible] her towered a [illegible] man whose [illegible] face and [illegible] eyes might indicate [illegible] to [illegible]

The travelers' horses were [illegible] on the underbrush close at hand. The young girl's face paled as the General approached and she [illegible] trembled. She looked fatigued, perhaps from her long journey, and there was [illegible] her of some strong, suppressed emotion.

As General Scott stood before her he was conscious of a pair of [illegible] brown eyes raised [illegible] He glanced from one to the other, wondering how he should address them. [illegible] he said:

"Whom have I the privilege of addressing? Is there anything I can do for you, madam?"

"Oh, sir," began Sylvia, brokenly, "I have come a long way to see my [illegible] Captain Horn. Will you let [illegible]?"

"Impossible, my dear [illegible]," the General. "Captain Horn is [illegible] with the cholera. You can do nothing for him [illegible]. How [illegible]"

"He risked his life to save my [illegible] savages [illegible] selfish, indifferent [illegible] him, reckless, and [illegible] expose himself [illegible] I will [illegible] Lincoln [illegible] I [illegible]"

And the [illegible]

"There, there, [illegible] Lincoln [illegible]"

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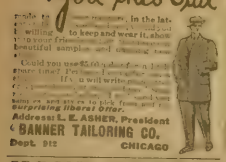

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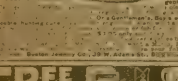

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[illegible] to steady herself.

The current of air and light which followed her thru the opening roused Captain Horn.

"Who is there?" he called in a drowsy tone.

Sylvia stepped forward [illegible] blinded eyes. "William [illegible]

"Who come?" flashed [illegible] raging him [illegible] elbow [illegible] he stared [illegible] near me. You [illegible]

But [illegible] on her knee beside the [illegible] risked your life for me, William, [illegible] weeks on Black Hawk's trail [illegible] so that my life and the lives of our pioneer women might be safe, happy and useful."

Who told you that I was down with the cholera, [illegible] Who had told [illegible]

"Your friend, Captain Lincoln told [illegible] and he [illegible] for me. He had [illegible] that I might tell you that I [illegible] The words [illegible] William," she hurried on, "de [illegible] if you will think [illegible] snowman [illegible] I will tell you that life will [illegible] without you, dear."

[illegible] Captain Horn [illegible] the woman [illegible] the [illegible] of your [illegible] tion.

And before [illegible] him, General [illegible] heard and disappeared, while [illegible] General [illegible] escort you to [illegible] Captain Horn this way, [illegible]

As [illegible] to [illegible] feet, [illegible] her arm [illegible] followed the [illegible] tent.

"I don't know [illegible] to do the [illegible], sir," said the guard.

"I promise [illegible] I feel that I would act as timekeeper [illegible] interview," replied Mr. Lincoln. "Five minutes is the limit."

"Very well, sir," returned the guide. "The third tent from the end, remember." Sylvia turned to her companion as they neared the tent [illegible] "Mr. Lincoln," said she, "I want to go in alone. Please remain here."

"I will, Sylvia, but I shall act my part with exacting promptness."

"I will be brief," she pledged, as she turned [illegible]

All [illegible] disappeared [illegible] Sylvia [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] glowed with expectation, while the flush of excitement [illegible] Abraham L[illegible] figure glide [illegible] rest.

"Wonderful transformation," [illegible] he, with kindling [illegible] Of such is the [illegible]

[illegible] reminding hands swept aside [illegible] the folds [illegible]

[illegible] comprising Jefferson Barracks. They paused frequently to greet an officer or comrade and finally reached the quarters of the prisoners and stood in the presence of Black Hawk, the Prophet and Neapope.

"Good morning, father," accosted Elijah, advancing with outstretched hands. "You see your adopted son cannot live long without you."

The chieftain laid aside the pipes which he was making and rose to accept the greetings of his guests.

"I am glad that [illegible] his friends who have not placed the traitor," he responded gravely. "I am coming to that you should see me in this plight. The White Beaver was not content with making me a prisoner, but must add to my humiliation by obliging me to wear that ball and chain. I would not have wounded his feelings by such treatment, knowing that a brave chief would prefer death to dishonor. Was the White Beaver afraid that I would break out of his barracks and run away?"

"Chieftain," exclaimed Captain Horn, "General Atkinson is simply doing his duty and obeying [illegible] orders of Great Father. White [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Black Hawk. "I shall be glad [illegible] face to face with him."

"You are to travel [illegible] River," re[illegible] Lieutenant [illegible] steamer leaves to[illegible] at 10 o'clock. If there are any [illegible] that you wish your attendant to make notify them at once, [illegible] will be carried out." A[illegible] shake the officers [illegible]

Promptly at 10 o'clock on the following morning, th[illegible] ward along the Ohio River. The [illegible] of the soldiers [illegible] with the [illegible] of the band [illegible] followed from long after [illegible] Barracks had passed from view.

Captain Hor[illegible] the [illegible] and Colonel [illegible] with the [illegible] [illegible] their kindly at-

[illegible] with reserve and dignity. [illegible] [illegible] abandoned the steamer at Whe[illegible] [illegible] boarded th[illegible] [illegible] rumbled along over the road Black Hawk [illegible] to Captain Horn:

"The Ohio is the most beautiful river that I have seen, except our Mississippi. [illegible] I [illegible] understand the white peo[illegible] desire to build their [illegible] along this [illegible] They have shown great skill in building their wagon trail."

[illegible] Captain Horn. "These Americans are as proud of their [illegible] homes as your [illegible] of their [illegible] and [illegible]."

"[illegible]" retorted Black Hawk. "I hope [illegible] to prefer their own country and never again attempt to [illegible] our lands."

"[illegible] hope that the hatchet [illegible] buried between [illegible]," replied Captain Horn. "We leave the stage at Fredericktown, the city [illegible] and travel on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad."

"Will they furnish us fresh horses on that road?"

"No," replied the Captain. "They furnish [illegible] horse which draws a number of carriages together."

"[illegible]," Black Hawk. "Or the [illegible] that boats are run on the river?"

"Have a care there!" [illegible] the driver. "The road is tricky here."

But the warning came too late. The last step [illegible] before entering Fredericktown proved to be the [illegible] of the coach. Treacherous [illegible] along the street had upset the stage and hurled Captain Horn beneath the front wheel with a [illegible] of baggage heaped upon him. The driver [illegible] to the horses [illegible] and held them by the bits, while the other members of the party [illegible] the unfortunate Captain [illegible] set him at a safe distance beyond the wrecked coach, which they proceeded to restore to its usual position.

"You are hurt, Captain Horn," [illegible] Elijah, bending over the [illegible] "You are white about the gills."

"I think that my left arm is broken above the wrist," said the Captain, [illegible] ing the limp member with his right hand.

"Lend a hand, Colonel Davenport," called Elijah. "I have bound many a broken bone."

Elijah tore off one of the calico curtains adorning the stage and tore it into bands. Assisted by Colonel Davenport, he bandaged the wrist and slipped it into a sling.

"That will hold," declared Elijah, "until we reach Fredericktown, which [illegible] of fifteen minutes."

"All aboard!" [illegible] the driver.

But the passengers decided to walk down the remainder of the hill, re-entering the coach when they reached the more level road of the valley.

The broken arm occasioned an hour's delay at Fredericktown, but finally Captain Horn had his party comfortably settled in their car.

"What think you of the American mode of travel, Black Hawk?" he questioned, as the train swept on toward Washington.

"It is the most astonishing [illegible] that I have ever seen, and I suppose that your people [illegible] a great deal of pleasure in riding [illegible] ioned carriages, but for myself I [illegible] horseback. Have [illegible] to travel?"

"No. In a little while [illegible] at Washington, where [illegible] Father."

The train [illegible] the city. Capt[illegible] Capitol dome [illegible] the various [illegible]

Upon their [illegible] the party was assigned [illegible] Hotel, in care of [illegible] Davenport [illegible] Horn [illegible] respects [illegible] President [illegible] the White House.

The President [illegible] and appointed [illegible] would receive [illegible]

Promptly [illegible] the carriage [illegible] before the White House. [illegible] Black Hawk mounted the [illegible] Captain Horn he remarked [illegible]

"Our Great Father's [illegible] is very large and [illegible] very pretty."

"You will find the interior beautifully furnished and decorated," [illegible] Captain Horn.

President Jackson received his guests in his private office. He shook hands with every [illegible] when they were comfortably [illegible]

"My red children, your Great Father has asked you [illegible] that he might hear from your [illegible] your complaint against his white children."

After Colonel Davenport had interpreted the President's message, Black Hawk rose and [illegible] "My Great Father, I am a [illegible] you are another. We did not expect to conquer the whites. They had too many horses and too many men. I took up the hatchet, for my part, to revenge injuries which my people could no longer endure. Had I borne them longer without striking, my people would have said, 'Black Hawk is a woman; he is no Sac.' [illegible]

[illegible] Hawk expects [illegible] we [illegible] permitted to return."

[illegible]

[illegible] We have lost many of our people, as well [illegible] We hope therefore [illegible]

[illegible] will learn how [illegible]

[illegible] replied Black Hawk, "we will smoke the pipe of peace with you."

Colonel [illegible] the opportunity afforded [illegible] the American Army and Navy [illegible] great feast [illegible] them with [illegible]

**This most interesting story of early days will be brought to its conclusion next week. Don't forget, if you haven't read it all, that you can do so by getting back copies of the Ledger in which the earlier installments appeared.**

## Suspicious Child.

A little girl went to the grocer's and asked the salesman if he had any fresh eggs.

"Yes," answered the man. "How many do you want?"

She viewed the [illegible] critically.

"[illegible] these are not [illegible]"

"[illegible]"

"No, they [illegible]," she persisted. "I heard my papa tell my [illegible] [illegible] of eggs [illegible] all [illegible]"

## The Two Things.

Sobb—"Your girl is a wonderful dancer, but for two thi[illegible]"

Junior (elated [illegible]) [illegible] his girl: "Yes, [illegible] tell what are the two things?"

Sobb (beating a [illegible] retreat): "Her fe[et]."


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# General Gibson Says Every Soldier who goes to the Front should take NUXATED IRON

**General John L. Clem, Who Was Sergeant in the U. S. Army at 12 Years of Age, General David Stuart Gordon, Hero of the Battle of Gettysburg, Judge Samuel S. Yoder, for 18 Years a Practicing Physician and Formerly Surgeon Major in the Army, Also Tell How They Were Benefited by a Short Course of This Remarkable Product.**

General John L. Clem, U. S. A. (Retired), the drummer boy of Shiloh who entered the U. S. Army as a drummer boy at the age of eleven years. He was promoted to be sergeant for gallantry at the battle of Chickamauga when only 13 years old. He says that Nuxated Iron is the one and ever-reliable tonic—that he obtained most surprising results from its use in two weeks' time.

General David Stuart Gordon, U. S. A. (Retired), promoted for gallant conduct in the battle of Gettysburg, well-known Indian fighter. General Gordon says: "Despite my advanced age, Nuxated Iron has built me up and fitted me for another campaign, and if my country needs me, I stand ready to go."

General Horatio Gates Gibson, who fought at the battle of Bunker Hill, and at the siege of Yorktown in 1781, with General Winfield Scott, General Gibson says: "Judging from the results of my own case, I feel that every soldier who goes to the front should take Nuxated Iron."

## Why Physicians Prescribe Nuxated Iron to Help Increase Strength and Endurance and Build Up Weak, Nervous, Rundown Folks.

What every soldier most needs is tremendous "stay there" strength, power and endurance, with nerves of steel and muscles of iron. To help produce this result there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron, says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "I have personally found it of such great value as a tonic to strength and blood builder that I believe if General Gibson's advice were followed many of our fighting men would find it of great benefit. In my opinion there is nothing better than organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for enriching the blood and helping increase strength, energy and endurance.

General Horatio Gates Gibson says Nuxated Iron has brought back to him in good measure that old buoyancy and energy that filled his veins in 1847 when he made his triumphant entry with General Scott into the City of Mexico.

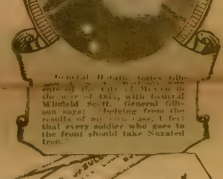
Another remarkable case is that of General David Stuart Gordon, noted Indian fighter and hero of the battle of Gettysburg. General Gordon says: "When I became badly run down this year, I found myself totally without the physical power to 'come back' as I had done in my younger days. I tried different so-called 'tonics' without feeling any better, but finally I heard of how physicians were widely recommending organic iron to renew red blood and rebuild strength in worn-out bodies. As a result I started taking Nuxated Iron, and within a month it had roused my weakened vital forces and made me feel strong again, giving me endurance such as I never hoped to again possess."

Another interesting case is that of General John Lincoln Clem, who at the early age of 12 years was Sergeant in the U. S. Army and the last veteran of the Civil War to remain on the U. S. Army active list. General Clem says: "I find in Nuxated Iron the one and ever-reliable tonic. Two months after beginning the treatment I am a well man."

Former U. S. Senator William E. Mason, Pioneer in Pure Food and Drug Legislation, Father of the Rural Free Delivery and now Congressman from the State of Illinois, says: "I have often said I would never recommend medicine of any kind. I believe that the doctor's place. However, after the hardest political campaign of my life, without a chance for a vacation, I had been starting to court every morning with that horrible tired feeling one cannot describe. I was advised to try Nuxated Iron. As a pioneer in the pure food and drug legislation, I was at first loath to try an advertised remedy but, after carefully investigating its merits, and being assured by my friends I gave it a trial. The results were so beneficial in my own case, I made up my mind to let my friends know about it, and you are at liberty to publish this statement if you so desire. I am now 65 years of age, and I feel that a remedy which will build up the strength and increase the power of endurance of one at my age should be known to the world."

Dr. E. Sauer, a Boston physician, who has studied both in this country and great European Medical institutions, said: "Nuxated Iron is a wonderful remedy. If people would only take it when they feel weak or run-down instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, I am convinced that there are thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy, and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next, take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

Dr. Schuyler C. Jaques, Visiting Surgeon of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, New York City, said: "I have never before given out any medical information or advice for publication, as I ordinarily do not believe in it. But in the case of Nuxated Iron I feel I would be remiss in my duty not to mention it. I have taken it myself and given it to my patients with most surprising and satisfactory results. Any those who wish quickly to increase their strength, power and endurance will find it a most remarkable and wonderfully effective remedy."




The above is Doctor Sullivan's Prescription for enriching the blood and helping to make strong, keen, red blooded Americans—men and women who dare and do.

Judge Samuel S. Yoder, statesman, jurist, and for 18 years a practicing physician—formerly Surgeon Major in the army and now Commander in Chief of the Union Veteran Union, says: "Nuxated Iron restores, revivifies and rehabilitates the system. To the man of 70, as I am, it is just as certain, just as efficacious as to the youth in his teens."

Nuxated Iron is now obtainable in this country from all druggists. In order to make sure that you get the genuine, ask for it by its full name, Nuxated Iron, and refuse to accept any substitute or imitation. If you are not entirely satisfied with the results obtained from the first bottle, return the empty bottle to the druggist from whom you purchased it and your money will be refunded without question. It is distributed by all good druggists.—Advertisement.

## Killed by Poisons

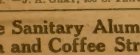
All scientists agree that poisonous products in the blood are eliminated by the kidneys and liver. The kidneys act as a kind of filter for these products. When the kidneys are changed or degenerated, by disease or old age, then these poisons are retained in the body. If we wish to prevent old age coming on too soon, or if we want to increase our chances for a long life, Dr. Pierce of the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., says that you should drink a pint of water daily between meals to flush the kidneys. Then procure at your nearest drug store Anuric. This Anuric drives the uric acid out. Scientific men have learned that in gout, also rheumatism, poisonous uric acid crystals are deposited in or about the joints, in the muscles — where inflammation is set up.

If we wish to keep our kidneys in the best condition a diet of milk and vegetables, with only little meat once a day, is the most suitable. Drink plenty of pure water, take Anuric three times a day for a month. Anuric is many times more potent than lithia.

QUINCY, ILL.—"Some years ago I had nervous indigestion and my heart became weak. I took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and was cured.

"For the last twelve years my kidneys have been causing me a great deal of misery and of late it became almost unbearable. My back would ache so bad at times I could scarcely move. I had scalding urine, could not control my bladder. During that time I tried various remedies with little or no relief. Just recently I learned of Anuric. Knowing how much benefit I had received from the use of 'Golden Medical Discovery' I concluded to try the Anuric Tablets and I have not finished my first bottle, but the scalding has stopped. I have complete control of my bladder, my back is better than it has been in years, and I can get around without distress or pain. Judging from what this medicine has done for me in so short a time (mine having become a chronic case) I think it a perfectly wonderful kidney remedy and would advise those who suffer with kidney ailments to try it."—J. A. GRAY, 406 S. Third Street.


## The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer



Being made in a single piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although light in weight, it will outlast the best wire strainer. Price 15 cents. W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus, Pa.

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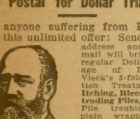

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## The Quitter Who Didn't.

(Continued From Page 5.)

the land for twenty years under some form or other of loose contract arrangement with the Cherokee Indian Nation.

The time, therefore, was short. Already the vanguard of the prospective settlers was arriving, forming a distinct element of the local population. These newcomers and the oldtimers mixed about as well as oil and water, unless a newcomer happened to get fresh or an oldtimer imagined he had, and then they mixed like two bulldogs with a grudge. It was the neuters' game in the end, however. After a week's or two more or less, according to how luck went and how money lasted, the cowboys began to drift away. Flinging themselves on their ponies, with a farewell fusillade of shots in the air, they were off to the ranges.

The final roundups already were underway and being carried out with dispatch. Governmental troops from Fort Reno and Fort Sill were on their way to clear the country and make ready for "the run" by which the newcomers were to take formal possession under the laws of the United States. And so the cowpunchers, now rough, pictures[que] men of the plains, heart-heavy but in few instances thirsty, turned their horses' noses toward Kingfisher, Guthrie, Stillwater, their herds before them, they started on the long drive to the last refuge of the Old West, the Cherokee Strip.

The Strip, richest and most famous of all the grazing grounds, had become a memory.

A brief interregnum and then—enter the New Regime. Hail, and farewell!

Among those who had come to Kingfisher just in time to witness the last acts of this memorable transition was Blair J. Bixby, then of Enid, and formerly of Charleston, S. C. He understood the spectacle of those last few days far better than the average tenderfoot might have been expected to understand it. During the two months previous to the departure of the cowboys he had been treated to an experience admirably destined to impart to him truly the pathos of the passing of an old order and the possibilities of the coming of the new.

**Bixby was face to face with the new career. It was sink or swim with him. He had burned his bridges behind him. In the next installment he is duly launched into things that are strange, that show whether the heart within him be as big as either he is the quitter that suspect him.**

* * *

### Denying Themselves.

"WITH several of us fighting bravely at the front," declared the efficient landlady of the Budd boarding house, "it behooves us at home that we have a duty toward these members of our fold, and we who remain safely at home ought to be willing to make a sacrifice for them so that they can have more.

"If we eat up everything in sight the soldiers will suffer, so we ought to deny ourselves. I like to think, when I go without anything, that Jim and Andy are getting the best and enjoying plenty thru my humble sacrifice.

"For instance, there is sugar. Poor, dear Andy never did get enough sugar in his coffee, but when I go without sugar now I feel that there is one more lump for Andy. Now, if each one of you would take only one lump of sugar instead of two there would be eleven lumps for Andy, who is at the front fighting for us."

"Eleven lumps ought to be enough, all right," suggested the jolly boarder.

"It needn't be limited to sugar," declared the argumentative boarder. "Whatever we go without it amounts to the same thing—more for the soldiers."

"I, too, will do my bit," declared the reckless boarder. "Andy can have my oatmeal mush. I am proud and happy to deny myself for the sake of Andy. I do it cheerfully and of my own free will. I do not need a button or a medal for it. I have wanted an excuse for passing up mush for many years——"

"Me, too!" declared Stews. "And I hereby renounce mush on the altar. I'll go without in order that Andy may have it."

"I likewise have a patriotic heart," announced the methodical boarder. "I will deny myself all macaroni and spaghetti, parsnips, chewing gum, artichokes, pie a la mode and bread crust pudding; also tapioca, pumpkin pie, pawpaws, caraway seed bread, kidney beans, calves' head jelly, dill pickles, mushrooms, ground carrot salad, doughnuts——"

"Oh, please eat a little something yourself," interrupted the amiable landlady. "You really must eat something, you know."

"I shall have plenty," returned the methodical boarder, blandly. "I shall have straight coffee, cow butter and Parker House rolls, buckwheat cakes and turkey hash, soft-boiled eggs and fried ham, apple dumplings, prunes and pickled olives——"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Mrs. Budd, "but did I understand you to say prunes?"

Actual Size 11x15 Inches

## Mail Coupon for Free Dollar Book

Our new Bargain Book is now ready. It is the biggest catalog we have ever issued. It pictures an enormous collection of lovely things for the home at half usual prices. Its pages are nearly twice as big as any other mail order catalog.

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We Will Loan You Any Home Need—Credit Without Asking

We open your account when we send you our book. It is not at all necessary for you to ever ask for credit here. So there is no embarrassment; no bother, red tape or delay. Just tell us what you want and we loan it to you on free trial for a whole month.

### Free Loan

This offer is different than any free trial offer that you have ever known. We actually loan you your selections and do not allow that loan to cost you a penny. Use them freely. Then keep them or return them, just as you please.

If you keep them, pay little by little—just as you get your money. If you return your selection we will refund every penny that you have paid—freight and hauling charges and even the postage.

### Take Your Time to Pay

Ask for our bargain book and with it will come a charge account blank. That means we will be glad to give you home things immediately and let you pay for them as you use and enjoy them. We will gladly wait for our money. We take our pay a little at a time.

You send us only a small part of the bill just as you have the use of it and you split up the cost of a thing in this way it is never a hardship to pay. We permit you to spread the cost of your purchases here over a great many pay-days.

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Our present stocks were bought many months ago, long before there was such a fuss and cry being raised about scarcity of material and high cost of labor.

But they are limited.

When we have to go into the market again our prices will go up. So you shouldn't delay asking for our catalog. We have prised only a few copies to sell out our present stocks. Get your copy today.

We prove our bargains by loaning them to you without cost so that you can judge them in your own home.

(1450)

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as premium—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous White Cloverine Salve, which you sell at 25c each. Return the $3.00 collected and we will send you a Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two Gold Shell Rings. Millions are using Cloverine for cuts, burns, etc.

LADIES! YOU CAN ALSO EARN A BEAUTIFUL DINNER SET OR SIX LACE CURTAINS

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EAGLE MFG. CO., Dept. 62, East Boston, Mass.

# Pillow Outfit FREE!

IS YOUR home or porch equipped with attractive, comfortable sofa pillows? The Ledger's sofa pillows will beautify your home. They are a prize for any one with an eye for beauty, for one will do more to brighten up the parlor than an armful of pictures. This design is especially appropriate now, when so many sons and husbands are leaving their homes to defend their loved ones. They will always be thinking of their homes, no matter how humble or palatial they may be.

The illustration does not begin to give you an adequate idea of the beautiful design of these pillow tops, for they are of the most gorgeous colors imaginable.

## Everything but the Feathers

This pillow outfit includes a pillow top of the very highest grade of ten colors, and measures 20"x20". The design is in five colors, and enough mercerized floss is furnished to work out the design of the best effect. A pillow-back of the same material is supplied, and to make the outfit complete we are giving a package of needles.

## How to Get It Free!

The complete outfit, including pillow top and back, 6 skeins of mercerized floss and a package of embroidery needles, will be given FREE to any one sending $1.50 to the address below, for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger, either new or renewal.

Fill out the coupon and send it in with your money order, and your complete outfit will be sent. We guarantee that you will be more than delighted.

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

COUPON

(Fill out and inclose with $1.50 for year's subscription to Chicago Ledger and get the pillow outfit FREE.)

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Gentlemen: Inclosed please find $1.50 for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger (52 issues). This is a _____ subscription. (new or renewal)
Please send me free of all charges a pillow top, back and outfit.

Name .....

St. No., P. O. or R. F. D. .....

Town .....

Box No. ..... State .....


# Scarf of Embroidery

## Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
sl cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Sl cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

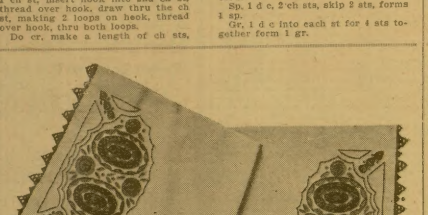
Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts together form 1 gr.



THIS attractive scarf for the library table is made of tan poplin or any of the natural colored materials resembling linen can be used. The shades used here are old rose, orange yellow, golden brown, leaf green and black. Mercerized embroidery cotton No. 5 is the size of thread used. The work is simple, and a combination of colors could be worked out to suit any taste. Only the edges are outlined in these colors. Besides being speedy, the work is fascinating and the results very satisfactory to the busy housewife, whose time for needlework is limited.

The center of the medallion is done in orange, the scalloped effect next to in old rose, the third portion is of brown. This is worked almost solid, with stitches reaching across the two-inch wide band. The next scalloped edge is of old rose, but the straight outside line is of black. All the small leaves are of green; the flowers are of old rose with the inner circle of black. The single lines, outlining the entire design, are of black.

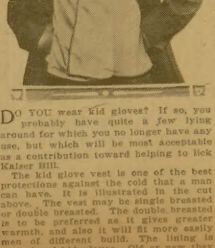
In stenciling one's own pattern, various other combinations of colors could be used. The same design could be worked in finer thread and more solid work. Dainty work and attractive colors make it very pleasing.

For the crochet work, one can use any of the shades used in the embroidery; the model is in black.

Over a narrow hem make 21 s c, turn back, * 5 ch sts, skip 6 sts, 1 s c, repeat from * making eight loops in the first loop, 9 s c over second loop, 5 s c over one-half of third loop, turn; 5 ch sts, 1 s c into 5th st of second loop, 5 ch sts, 1 s c into 5th st of next loop, turn; 5 s c over loop just made, 5 s c over one-half of next loop, turn; 5 ch sts, 1 s c into 5th st of next loop, turn; 5 s c, 3 ch sts, form 1 p, 5 s c all over one loop, 4 s c over next loop, 5 s c over one over half of remaining loop, 11 s c over hem, 5 ch sts, turn; skip 6 sts, 1 s c, turn; 5 s c, 1 p, 5 s c all over loop, 25 s c over hem, repeat *.

Both ends of the scarf have the same finish. The sides of this scarf were left basted; they can be finished with a hand-sewed hem without the stitches showing, or a single outlining of black or the row of s c without the points can be made over the hem. This is a matter of choice.

# Make Old Gloves Help Win the War



DO YOU wear kid gloves? If so, you probably have quite a few lying around for which you no longer have any use, but which will be most acceptable as a contribution toward helping to lick Kaiser Bill.

The kid glove vest is one of the best protections against the cold that a man can have. It is illustrated in the cut above. The vest may be single breasted or double breasted. The double breasted is to be preferred as it gives greater warmth, and also it will fit more easily men of different build. The lining is entirely of kid gloves. Old or new they may all be used. The best to use are the longer length gloves, which come above the elbow. It will improve the looks of the vest if the gloves are cleaned before being made up. A dirty white kid glove is not attractive.

Directions: Open the gloves along the side seam; lay them on a lining of unbleached muslin, lapping the edges, and stitch flat on the sewing machine. Cut the kid and muslin interlining from the pattern, using the same pattern for the brown sateen outer cover. If preferred the whole garment may be lined with flannel in addition, in which case the kid lining is used as interlining. The vest may be buttoned in front or crosscut sateen. Bind from the inside.

The vest is sewed together by seams under the arm pits. The length in front measures nineteen and a half inches; length in the back, twenty-two inches. The length of the back under the arm pits is eleven inches. The length of the shoulder is six and a quarter inches. The neck is rounded at the front. The arm hole is eight inches deep. The vest is sleeveless. The back is twenty-two and a quarter inches in width. The width across the shoulders at the back is sixteen and a half inches. Across the neck at the back, seven inches. The single breasted coat measures twenty-six inches across the chest. The double breasted would measure more, as it extends across the chest as illustrated in the photograph. The vest requires about two yards of material. This amount varies, of course, with the size of vest.

Patterns for this vest may be obtained by sending 10 cents in stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope to the Fund for French Wounded, 60 East Washington street, Chicago.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A SMALL CALIFORNIA FARM MAKES more money with less work. Live longer, better. Delightful climate, rich soil. Low prices. Easy terms. Sure profits. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools, churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Colonial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1921 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

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SMALL MISSOURI FARM, $2.50 CASH AND $2.50 monthly, no interest or taxes. Also an interest in our great development project which within the next few months should pay you one hundred dollars for every dollar you invest. Highly productive land, close to three big markets; photographs and full information free. Munger, H. 186, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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YOU CAN DO BETTER ON A SOUTHERN farm. Send for this year's subscription free to our beautifully illustrated magazine, The Southern Homeseeker, which tells all about good, low priced land and southern opportunities. Write F. H. Labaree, Gen'l. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 248 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

## MISSOURI LAND

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5 DOWN $5 monthly buys 40 acres productive land near town, healthy location, price $200. $10 monthly buys 80 acres. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

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COLLECT OR CULTIVATE ROOTS, HERBS, barks. $1 to $10 lb. Fold, fill, seal here's how. $10 daily. Leaflet free. New plan. Big demand. Stamp for list 800 plants. Markets, "Facts," Box 929, Badger Method

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FREE TREATMENT FOR THE WORST form of skin disease. Welch Medicine Co., Jacksonville, Fla.

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TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR no pay. $1.50 if cured. Booklet free. Sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

## MISCELLANEOUS

SPECIAL!!! INCH DISPLAY ADVERTISEments of 1,000 magazines for $5. Universal Syndicate, Atlantic City, N. J.


## Money in Muskrat Skins.

SPRING is at hand and all over the country a demand for muskrat skins is making itself felt. For with the coming of the warm days and the thawing of the small brooks and ponds throughout the country, muskrats begin to make their appearance, and as their skins are then at their best, an opportunity for those who trap them to make money is excellent.

Where other fur-bearing animals begin to shed and lose their underfur and rub in the springtime the muskrat is in prime condition. There is a two-fold reason for trapping muskrats this year, as Food Administrator Hoover says that the meat is excellent food.

Every trapper should become familiar with the game laws of his particular section and be ready when the open season on muskrats appears. Any of the big fur houses can supply copies of the game laws for any section of the country.

## Use of Ribbon.

NOT a few simple wrappers and night dresses have a pretty finish in one big, floppy bow, placed at bust or waist, as the case may be, and here, as one has to consider labor as much as money in these days, a simple trick of fixing so that removal and replacing are quite easy, may be of interest. It consists merely of sewing a flat linen button on the reverse of the bow, and making a buttonhole to take it at the desired point. This done, it becomes simply a matter of unbuttoning and buttoning again when the necessary visits to the washtub are paid.

## So Do We All.

Johnny—"My father's a policeman. What does your father do?"

Jimmy—"What ma tells him."

# CLASSIFIED WANT ADS

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If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted. W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Publisher

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SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. EXperienced or inexperienced. Send for our free book, "A Knight of the Grip," list of openings and full particulars. Fit yourself to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Prepare in spare time to make a success like thousands of our members have made. Our course combines careful training with practical experience. Immediate and unlimited employment service rendered members. Address nearest office. Dept. 105, Nat. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Chicago—San Francisco—New York.

SALESMEN AND SERVICE MEN — NEW carburetor for Ford cars. Simple, not a tube part. Installed in thirty minutes, guaranteed to double your mileage and start in Ford hills without heating or priming. $5 free trial. Write. Ex-Cell-O Carburetor Co., Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

SALESMEN AND DISTRICT ORGANIZERS to sell Ford car to sell Simplex Ford Starter. Only mechanical starter with a reputation. Guaranteed for life of car. $100 a day profits any Ford car. Sells for $15.56. Write today. Box 418, Simplex Mfg. Co., Anderson, Ind.

## AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS WANTED; THOUSANDS OF JONNY Regulators are in service on Ford cars, giving good light at low speed; and making the lamps at high speed; no complicated connections. Installed in a minute; you can build a profitable business quickly distributing the Jonny Regulators to Ford owners in garages, stores and garages; we want live agents to whom we will consign goods on monthly sale rights; there is a strong demand for this instrument; write for our proposition liberal; write for complete information today; don't delay; territory is going; big money. The Jonny Bros., Cincinnati, O.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO WEAR A BEAUTIful full dress suit made to your measure free, and make $25 to $50 extra every week? You can be the best dressed man in your town and at the same time add to your income. Write at once for our beautiful samples and wonderful offer. The Progress Tailoring Co., Dept. 272, Chicago.

AGENTS, I WANT TWENTY MEN AND women at once to take orders for our raincoats for fast selling Goodyear raincoats. Experience unnecessary. Handsome outfit free. Write quick for wonderful offer. Goodyear Manufacturing Company, Department 225, Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED—TOLIVER PUNCTURE-

[illegible] $15 to $25 per week. Exclusive territory. Toliver Tube & Tire Co., 135 Toliver Bldg., Dwight, Ill.

$6.75 RAINCOAT FREE. BIG PROFIT paid in advance. Men and women to sell guaranteed raincoats. Wholesale prices direct from factory. Sample outfit free. Quality Coat Co., 1050 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS, TO MEET GOVT REQUIREMENTS for Income Tax Schedule every farmer should have our Farmers' Annual and Complete Account Book. Hustlers clearing $7 daily. Outfit free. Prof. Nichols, Box F-17, Naperville, Ill.

$50 WEEKLY AND UP SELLING MEXICAN Diamonds. Introductory offer amazing; same rainbow fire; stand tests; sell at sight, repeat orders. Write quick for our exclusive offer free. Mexican Diamond Importing Co., 1 Las Cruces, New Mexico.

AGENTS! QUICK SALES! BIG PROFITS! A Outfit free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home. Experience unnecessary. Handle Shirts, Hosiery, Underwear and General Dry Goods. Write Quick. Standard Knitting & Mfg. Co., Dept. GA, 425 Broadway, New York.

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YOUNG MAN, WOULD YOU ACCEPT A tailormade suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Imperial Tailoring Co., Dept. 212, Chicago, and get beautiful sample and a wonderful offer.

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SELL GLOSSINE HAIR STRAIGHTENER to colored people. Great seller. Enormous repeater. American Supply House, 20 Pike, Covington, Ky.

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SELL BEAUTIFUL FRAGRANT CALIFORnia rosebuds. Absolutely new. Big profits. Catalog free. Mission, 2819 E. West Floo, Los Angeles, Calif.

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EARN MORE MONEY. LEARN SHORThand in three nights. $2. Complete course. Sample lesson free. National Business Institute, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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FOREMEN, SHOPMEN AND OFFICEMEN wanted to work spare time. Very responsible or large well-known mail-order house, starting new department. Big profits on credit. Liberal commissions and exclusive sales rights granted. Every investment secured by stock, credit or samples. Write at once for details. Address B. D. Miller, Dept. 43, Agency Corporation, Ltd., Orpington, Mich.

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